THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated We[illegible] Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 [illegible] Franklin

JUNE 29, 1907

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A Kodak Story

of the baby—a serial story from the Teddy bear days, through childhood and school days until home ties are broken—such a story has the charm of human interest, the interest that endures.

And it's an easy story to record, for the Kodak works at the bidding of the merest novice. There is no dark-room for any part of Kodak work, it's all simple. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

No Other Washer Washes in Six Minutes

SIX minutes, by the clock, is time enough to wash a tubful of the dirtiest clothes spotlessly clean with a 1900 Gravity Washer.

And no other washer needs as little help from you. For all you have to do to wash with a 1900 Gravity Washer is—sit beside it and *help* the washing along with little gentle pushes and pulls on the tub handle.

This takes hardly any strength, for the weight of the tub and *the little patent links* under the tub do most of the work.

They keep the tub swinging back and forth and going up and down with a double "tip-turning" or "oscillating" motion.

And this motion sends the hot soapy water in the tub swirling over, and under, and through, and around the clothes until every bit of the dirt is taken out and they are absolutely clean.

The clothes in the washer stay still while the soapy water takes out the dirt.

Thus your clothes are kept from wearing out.

They cannot rub against anything—not even the smooth sides of the washer tub.

And *only* in the 1900 Gravity Washer do the clothes stay still while they are being washed.

Therefore, *only* in the 1900 Gravity Washer are your clothes safe from *wear* in washing.

No other washer saves your time by washing your clothes so quickly.

No other washer saves your strength by needing so little help to do your washing.

No other washer saves like this, because the savings of time, and work, and wear on clothes are all due to *the working parts* of my Washer.

And these *working parts* of my Washer cannot be imitated, *because they are patented.*

Other concerns may offer you washing machines that *look* like my 1900 Gravity Washers—

But *looks* don't wash clothes—nor save time and strength and wear on your clothes.

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You can wash laces in my washers and never break a thread.

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It keeps a big factory—the biggest factory of its kind in the world—busy all the time, filling orders for my washers.

Do you wish to *see* a 1900 Gravity Washer?

Would you like to *find out for yourself* what a 1900 Gravity Washer will save?

If so, you can *prove* my claims, *at my expense.*

This proof shan't cost you a penny.

For I will send a 1900 Gravity Washer to any responsible party to use for a *Month—FREE.*

I will ship you the Washer and *prepay the freight.* And all you need do is—take the washer home and use it.

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Wash your dirtiest clothes.

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I won't argue with you. For I say "I'll leave the decision to you"—and I will.

The month's use you have of the washer won't cost you a penny.

You don't send me a cent of money in advance and you don't send any afterward unless you decide to keep the washer.

If you want to keep the washer—if you see how it will save your time and strength and clothes—and if you see how this saving will be worth money enough to more than pay for the washer in a few months—why then—I will let you

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Pay by the week—or by the month—suit yourself.

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Write me now. Address R. F. Bisbee, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 614 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Or—if you live in Canada—write to "The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont."

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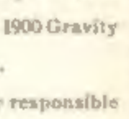

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Sense and Nonsense

R. E. Morse, Esquire

THE author of Why Smith Left Home and The Man of the Hour is the father of three, but it is his youngest hopeful who fills him with the most particular despair. The back-yard neighborhood lately resounded to the crashing of splintered glass, and a hurried reconnaissance disclosed Master Broadhurst in the centre of the stage. He had hurled a stone through a neighbor's dining-room window. A huge black cat was disappearing R. U. E., as his sire expressed it in theatric parlance.

Nature took its course with dramatic dispatch. The child proved a stoic. The outraged neighbor appeared at the window, and the stern parent insisted that his offspring make humble apology. After a brief hesitancy, the apology was made, but without any humility that could be noticed.

"You said you were sorry," Mr. Broadhurst demanded; "aren't you?"

"Yes," said the son, "I am—sorry I didn't hit the cat, so there wouldn't have been all this bother."

Lingo of the High Brows

My mother's chairman of the club.
Whenever people call
They're very rude, and talk of things
I do not know at all.

I'd like to learn what egos are—
Perhaps, a breakfast food
To eat with cream and peach preserves
To make it extra good.

The over-souls I think I know;
They're wide extension shoes,
Or rubbers, but I can't decide
Which meaning I should choose.

They say that Will's a faculty
That cannot be controlled,
When Willy's just a little boy
And never bad or bold.

I wish they wouldn't go to clubs,
Or else they'd let *me* go,
Or wouldn't talk right to my face
Of things I do not know!

—*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

The Egg to the Front

AS A SPECIMEN of ready wit it would be difficult to beat the retort of Charles Burleigh, the orator.

He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery when a well-aimed and rotten egg struck him full in the face. "This," he said calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

The Tale of a Fish

PERHAPS the best story-teller among the musicians is Maurice Moszkowski, the brilliant composer, whose home is in Paris. One day, after a dull time in talking about piano technic, I said to him, "Please tell me something cheerful."

"There was a man at a table d'hôte," he began blithely, "who watched with chagrin while his neighbor took the remaining best part of the fish and left only the tail. Turning to him he said, 'I am surprised at your impoliteness.'

"'What would you have done?' said the gentleman, with interest.

"'Taken the tail,' was the rejoinder.

"'Well,' retorted the offender, eying him sharply, 'you have it, haven't you? So what are you fussing about?'"

Moszkowski is thoroughly a cosmopolite; he has seen so much of people and the world that to talk with him is a kind of a feast that one has in viewing old masters with a connoisseur. He knows your meaning without any mental tooth-pulling processes, and if there are any points in it his keenness has them, and he smiles the smile of a man whose heart and humor have not been frightened to death by experience.

Sorrow came to him sharply with the loss of his wife, a sister of the composer Madame Chaminade, but his home, which was then shared with him by his young son and daughter, to whom he had devoted his life, was kept with an exquisite, punctilious care. The fact that he alone was left to be mother as well as father in it seemed to have filled him with a sense of double protection in its directing.

One night at dinner there, I said: "I have never tasted such delicious cooking."

"I have a good cook," he answered. "She has been with me for fifteen years, speaks three languages, and has a taste for music."

"The very woman I am looking for," I returned. "I have always said that I would marry a cook if I could find a good one."

"Don't," he said placidly over his coffee. "She would never cook again if you did. Half the good things in life are ruined by being put out of their groove."

—*William Armstrong.*

What For?

UP IN Boston the other day a young lawyer, who spends most of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous, went out for a while, leaving on his door a card neatly marked:

Will be back
in an hour.

On his return he found that some envious rival had inscribed underneath, "What for?"

The Hopeful Author

IF IT WERE not for hope, according to a much parsed line in the school grammar, the heart would break. Certainly there would be no dramatic authors.

Rupert Hughes, who has seen many a good ship go down beneath him, tells of meeting a young girl who confessed that she also was a playwright. Mr. Hughes asked her how she was getting on. "I feel very much encouraged," the aspirant answered. "I have finished the first act and taken it to be typewritten."

Then there is Mr. Steele, who has had two plays produced. His second venture was a dramatization of Wolfville for Nat Goodwin. The actor and his manager accepted it on condition that it be entirely rewritten by Clyde Fitch. Mr. Steele was very much encouraged. On the first night the street outside the theatre was filled with people vociferously shouting the triumph of the local baseball team. Scarcely a word could be heard from the stage. Mr. Goodwin, who at best had to face an unequal struggle against his comedian's face and his girth to appear the blond and slender young hero, presently gave up the effort in disgust.

The whole performance slumped.

Mr. Frohman and Mr. Fitch, obscurely perched in the gallery, read the verdict of Fate in the middle of the second act and sorrowfully climbed down to go. On the stairs they met Mr. Steele, who had been ubiquitous in front of the curtain and behind. He was beaming with confidence, and exclaimed to his partners: "Isn't it a pleasant evening?"

President R. 13. Noyes

IN 1876 the late John Hay, who died as Secretary of State, and Alvey A. Adee, who is now Second Assistant Secretary of State, were serving together in the Legation at Madrid.

They were intensely interested in the outcome of the Republican National Convention, and spent days wondering who would be nominated. One morning they found this item in a Madrid newspaper: "Rutehart 13. Noyes, of America, has been elected President of the Republic of the North."

That was as near as the Spanish editor could get to the bulletin: "Rutherford B. Hayes has been nominated for President by the Republican National Convention," and it took Adee and Hay a week to figure it cut.

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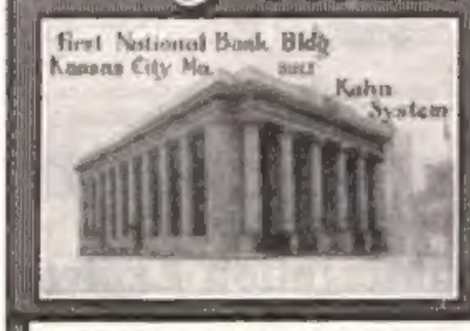

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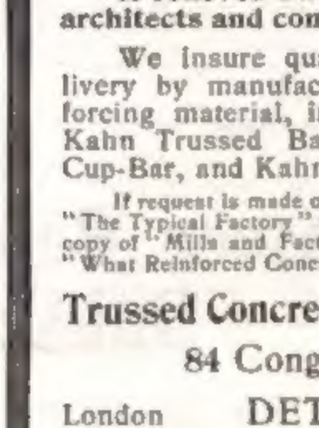

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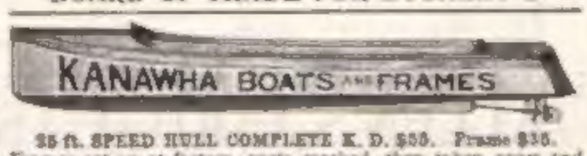

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EDITED BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Lower Rate to Canadian Subscribers

When the Canadian government recently announced an increase in the rate of postage on periodicals mailed to that country, we were obliged to make a corresponding increase in the price of Canadian subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We now find that we shall be able to distribute the magazine at less expense than was anticipated, and, therefore, make a corresponding decrease in the subscription price. The Canadian subscription rate will be **$2.25** the year instead of $2.50 the year, as was announced. Subscriptions which have been sent to us at the $2.50 rate will be proportionately extended.

The Next Number

O. Henry at the top-notch of his humor; the beginning of a new serial, and a patriotic short story by Brand Whitlock—these are some of the features of our Fourth of July Number, which will be issued next week.

The Ransom of Red Chief is O. Henry's title. Sam and Bill kidnap a small boy and their experiences with their captive explain the father's reply to their request for ransom.

Edwin Balmer is the author of **By "Wireless,"** the serial, which tells a thrilling tale of love and adventure, with a plot that turns upon a message flashed over trackless miles of sea. And **Mr. Whitlock's** story is a strong narrative of emotion that has a special lesson for present national needs.

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Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29, 1907 Number 52

KING-MAD AMERICANS

Court Presentations and the Devious Devices to Which They Drive Diplomats

By an American Diplomat

More complaints to the State Department against United States Ministers grow out of court presentations than from all other causes combined. —*Washington Special Dispatch.*

IF IT be true that the English dearly love a lord, we Americans, as usual, go them one better, for we fairly dote on kings and queens. Let no superlatively rambunctious demagogue rise to take issue with me on this point, for his denial of the fact would simply prove he knows nothing whatever about the matter. I do. On this particular question I am an expert, qualified by many years of experience in that sort of official position that afforded me indubitable proofs of what I have averred.

I became an expert by going abroad with credentials signed by the President of the United States, and in any one of my many years' residence in Europe I acquired more absolute knowledge on this particular subject than a hundred unofficial, stay-at-home, red-hot patriots could accumulate in a century. Inasmuch as kings and queens do not make a habit of perambulating about this land of the free, you have to go to countries where they are established in business to behold what a tender affection they arouse in our compatriots. You may sometimes get a fairly good focus on our racial fondness for reigning sovereigns by simply keeping your eyes and ears open while you tramp as a tourist through foreign lands. If you want, however, to obtain first-hand, unvarnished proof positive in the matter, you must either be an American diplomatist at a foreign court, or else consult one who has held such a post. Such an official—or preferably an ex—need only stick to his own personal reminiscences to present you a vivid picture of the touching devotion of Americans for the heads that wear crowns.

For a Nod of the Royal Head

I HAD lived much abroad before I was first appointed to the service, and in those earlier years had already remarked how the sight of royalty invariably set aglow the souls of Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces. In the different capitals with which I became well acquainted I used to see Americans waiting for hours in likely streets, in the hope of seeing the sovereign go by. Years ago, when I was living in London, different English friends of mine used to take me frequently to Hyde Park, just to point out to me lots of my fellow-citizens who had the habit of leaning for hours against the railing of the drive, for the sole purpose of lifting their hats to the Princess of Wales when she went past in her carriage with her daughters.

"That's merely a natural curiosity," I persisted in saying; but my excuse lost its efficacy when, morning after morning, I saw the same persons in the same place, waiting precisely for the same purpose, then walking away, with faces radiant with delight, after the gracious Princess had flattered them with one of her charming salutations.

When I became secretary of legation at another royal court, my acquaintance with this unrepublican form of eccentricity grew more intimate. I was scarcely well installed before I began to receive letters from American ladies in all parts of the continent, announcing their intention of spending the winter in the capital to which I was accredited, and saying that they would expect the legation to have them presented at court.

When my predecessor had turned over his office to me, he had informed me, or had coached me, upon nearly every matter that could ever turn up in the legation; but, by a singular oversight, he had failed to say a word about the court presentations. After these letters had kept steadily pouring in for a week or so, I began to look through our archives for some information bearing on the subject. I could find nothing. It was purely by accident that I ran across the first mention of such a matter in the volume of official letters from our former chief of mission to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was simply a formal note, dated the preceding winter, communicating the names of seventeen persons, nearly all of them ladies, as applicants for the honor of being presented to the Queen.

Seventeen!

I had already been bombarded by fifty-three aspirants, and the first peep of winter was still a good three months in the future.

Could it possibly be that my arrival in that famous capital was to be the signal for a particularly brilliant social season? Otherwise, how did it happen that only seventeen Americans had had the ambition to be presented to Her Majesty last year?

I got down the box marked, "Miscellaneous Letters. From July 1, 18—, to June 30, 18—," and rummaged through it. Presently I had unearthed 218 separate requests of the year before to be presented to the Queen in the ensuing January. Such a multitude calling, and so few chosen! What did it mean?

Unable to make head or tail of it, I went to the telephone and called up one of my confrères of the British Embassy. From him I learned that no embassy or legation is regularly entitled to any fixed number of presentations, but that the quota is arranged each year by the master of ceremonies of the court, who duly notifies each head of mission through the Foreign Office.

Back again I went to the archives-shelf, and pulled forth the big portfolios containing communications from the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sure enough, there was last year's notification that seventeen was our allotment. The year before that our representation was restricted to a baker's dozen, which was two less than had been allowed us the preceding year.

Without going further back, it was evident from this research that fifteen constituted the year's average of American acquaintances that Her Majesty cared to make; yet more than half a hundred of our citizenesses had already shoved in their solicitations. I was in a quandary that I had to face in solitude, for the newly-appointed Minister would not arrive at his post for fully a month. I resolved to make out a list of applicants in the order in which their letters had been received. I could thus shield my unhappy head from the future wrath of my fair compatriots by pleading, in self-defense: "First come, first served."

I set about this task at once, and had got about eight or ten names written in my book when our servant entered with a visiting-card. Naturally, I have no right to quote literally the inscription on this bit of pasteboard, but I pledge you my word of honor I am adhering almost identically to its text in the following unusual formula:

MRS. JARED SMITH
née Boynton
DUCHESS OF MEDHURST

"Show the lady in," I ordered.

I advanced to meet her, and met two. They approached in single file, the leader being a very tall and very thin old lady, with long curls framing her face. I only remember, for I only noted, one particular feature of her apparel. On her hands she wore what I suppose were mitts, or perhaps, wrist-protectors, but, as they were red in color and flannel-looking in texture, I could not resist the inference that her underwear was having a peep out to see what was going on. The other woman was young, and was

not particularly remarkable in any way. They differed from most of our traveling countrywomen in that they were not of very distinguished appearance.

"Mrs. Jared Smith?" I said.

The elderly lady nodded.

"And the Duchess of Medhurst?" I asked, as I bowed to the younger woman.

It was not she, but the lady with the curls, who replied: "Not at all. She's my daughter, Miss Smith. It's my card you have in your hand."

I offered them chairs, and Mrs. Smith stated the object of their visit with businesslike directness. They were passing through —— on their way to the South, and would be returning in the early winter, when they would hope to be presented at court.

I wrote down their names, but regretted I could not assure them of much chance of meeting their wishes, telling them how few persons were ever presented, and how many applicants were ahead of them. Then they left the office somewhat precipitately, and from that day to this I have never had any explanation of how Mrs. Jared Smith, confessedly an American, and very flamboyantly one, came to relegate the proud title of Duchess to a secondary place on her visiting-card.

A Diplomatic Cypher-Code

WHEN the ladies had gone, I tore out the list I had begun in the blank-book, and forthwith adopted a system to cover the matter that I was forced to recognize as a Providential manifestation. The visit was nothing more nor less than a most opportune suggestion of an admirable way out of the dilemma. On a clean sheet of the blank-book I began to inscribe a new list of names, and when I had finished, instead of fifty-three, there were just 164 applicants enrolled. Opposite the majority of these names, I had written a little marginal "F," which would carry a big weight of significance for me, and save a perpetual series of complications. Though the initial might remain a symbol of mystery for many years among my successors at the legation, to me, at least—the only important one in the premises—its meaning was plain, for it stood for "Fictitious."

In other words, I began my list with fifteen names that were then and there coined for the purpose, and other similar products of my imagination were sandwiched among genuine names from start to finish. Perhaps the ingenious purpose of this arrangement will be clear to you. For instance, suppose the lady whose application had been the first to reach the legation should turn out to be just another such specimen as Mrs. Jared Smith, alias Duchess of Medhurst. Though Her Grace may really have been a most estimable person of the highest character, and though she might possibly have been persuaded to let us send her in to the Palace under the Smith label alone, the chance was fifty to one that the Queen would gladly have spared herself the privilege of knowing both mother and daughter. Even if the other ladies whose applications had been the first to reach me did not wear curls, red mitts or titles of nobility, they might prove to possess other flagrant disqualifications. Therefore, it not only simplified matters for me, but became almost my bounden duty, to give no positive assurance to any of the aspirants until I could see them, and otherwise satisfy myself about them.

Convinced that my scheme was the best that could possibly be devised for the purpose, I severally replied to all the applicants that their names had been filed in the order in which their letters had been received, but that, as the number of presentations was necessarily restricted, it was impossible to say in advance what chance there was of being presented this year. I suggested, however, that the ladies should all come to the capital before Christmas.

In the mean time, each succeeding mail helped to swell my list of real and imaginary citizens. When the new Minister arrived and began to familiarize himself with the routine of his post, I duly informed him of the big batch of correspondence that had been received concerning the presentations at court. I told him the names had been systematically filed, but I did not believe it necessary to advise him of the system I had adopted. This I refrained from doing out of consideration for him, for I felt he would be relieved of all onus in the delicate affair if he could simply say that the lucky ones had been merely the creatures of chance, and that he had had no personal voice in the matter.

To my relief, he exhibited no curiosity to inspect the letters, and said that he left the entire question of court presentations in my hands.

Early in December the several hundred ladies who wanted to meet the Queen began to turn up in town, and by Christmas they were all there, with the exception of about ten. Those who showed up in person at the legation saved me the necessity of inspecting them at their hotels. They were busy days for me, and my little blank-book began to be littered with a singular assortment of hieroglyphics opposite the various names. I arranged them in classes according to their respective degrees of desirability, and, when I was able to ascertain, scored additional good or bad marks as became separately necessary.

Only a brief interview was usually required to satisfy me concerning a candidate. I put personal sympathies rigorously aside, and now and then felt constrained to decide adversely in cases of persons who were infinitely more congenial and prepossessing than others whom I marked on my slip with the most favorable signs. Very early in the game I became convinced that the system I had hit upon was excellent in every way. For instance, if I had adhered literally to the rule of "First come, first served," four of the fifteen names we should have sent in to the Palace that year would have been scratched off the list by the royal majordomo; another of the ladies, inevitably, would have created a scene, for it turned out afterward that she had only recently escaped from a madhouse in Germany; while still another proved to be a rather too intrepid woman-suffragist, who had vowed that she would win over the Queen to the cause on the night of the presentation.

The same rule would also have necessitated our presenting several worthy ladies against whom nothing could be said except that not one of them had ever worn a *décolleté* gown in her life, or had ever mingled in society outside of a little town.

The Sifting of the Candidates

BELIEVE me, it was not a happy experience, that sifting of the candidates. Even if no one else did, I knew which would be the disappointed ones, and how keen the disappointment was bound to be. It was obvious that all those expectant women had set their hearts, with a desperate longing, upon talking with a real, live queen. All of them showed such ecstatic exuberance over the prospect that it really grieved me to have to contrive against so many of them.

Thanks to my skillful method—and I say it with no exultation—the presentation passed off admirably. The right women (for an occasion of that sort) were received by Her Majesty, the wrong ones were excluded, and, though there was much disappointment, no scandal was occasioned, no one's susceptibilities were offended, and neither the Minister nor I was held in any resentment.

The next year was, in all respects, but a repetition of the first. The third winter I was absent from my post on a visit to the United States. Before leaving the legation, I deemed it well to explain to the Minister the method I had employed for the presentations. When I told him about my string of fictitious names, he was deeply incensed. "Now that I know of it, there shall be no more such shameful deceit," he said. "The ladies shall really be enrolled in the order their applications are received."

He kept his word. I got back from my leave of absence about ten days after the presentations had been made. I found the Minister in a state of great perturbation. He told me that two of the sixteen names he had sent in to the Palace had been scratched from the list. They were those of a Mrs. and Miss X——, mother and daughter, who had brought him a letter of introduction from a prominent official of the United States.

"I cannot imagine," said my chief, "why these ladies were ruled against at the Palace. Though they are both of very conspicuous appearance, they are charming women, and, I believe, have made many friends here. Not a word of explanation has been vouchsafed by the court officials."

"Tell them," I suggested, "that at the last moment you had not been able to send in their names on account of the number of presentations being less than usual this year."

"No good," replied the Minister. "I let them know their names had been sent in the very day I forwarded the list to the Palace."

More Trouble for the Minister

"THEN tell them their names had been the last two on the list, and had been stricken off simply because the Queen has not been well of late, and has had to lessen the number assigned to each embassy and legation."

"That won't go, either," answered the unhappy Minister, "because I was fool enough to let Mrs. X—— know that she and her daughter were at the head of my list."

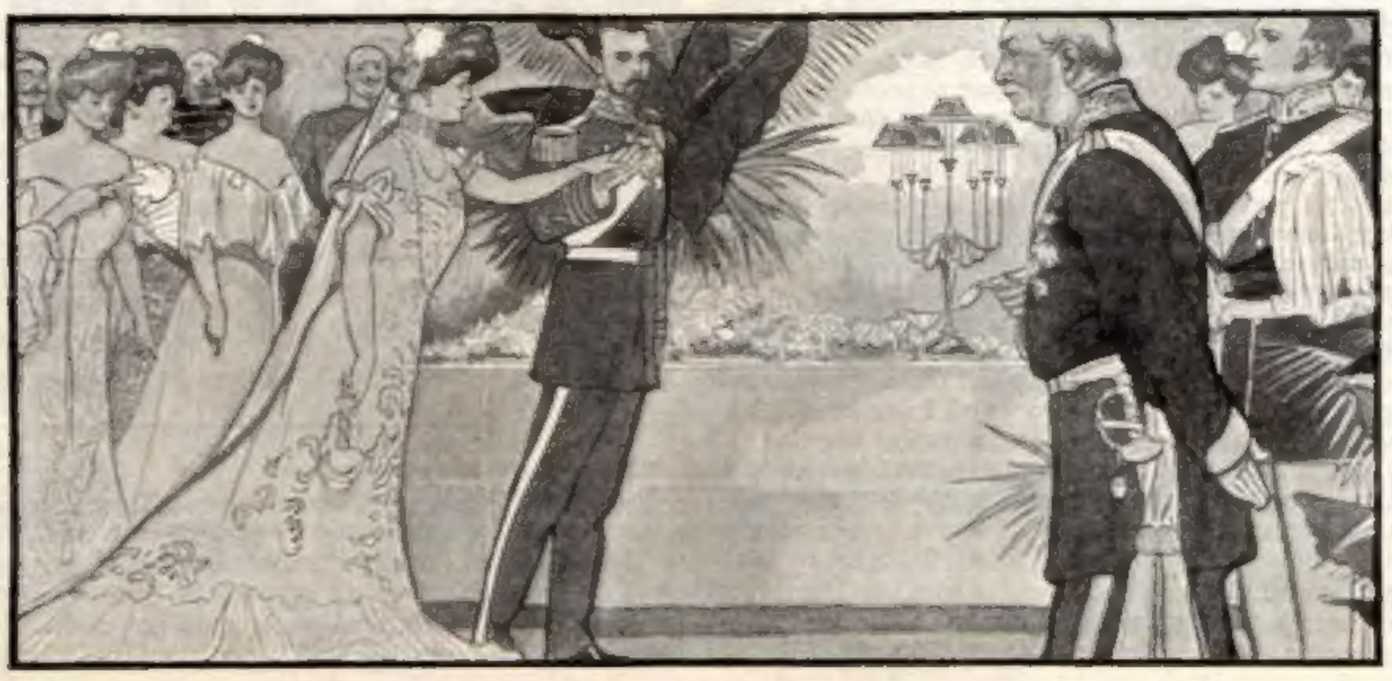
There was no other excuse that I could offer, and no consolation that would solace the venerable diplomatist, who told me that the ladies were making his life miserable; that the prominent official who had sponsored them had sent a vigorous complaint to the Secretary of State, and that a hot-headed young Southerner, who was engaged to the daughter, had threatened to shoot the United States representative on sight, for making the ladies the subject of universal gossip in the capital.

There was gossip in that city, and very much of it, not only anent the two ladies in question, but concerning several other Americans, male as well as female, who had been presented to the Queen. Much of the talk was flavored with laughter, and related to the strange appearance and behavior at court of several really unusual persons who had been introduced to royalty through our legation. Strictly speaking, the persons in question were not the sort to create what is called a scandal, or to occasion even the least suspicion of a reprimand from the court dignitaries. Their only real offending consisted in the fact that they were manifestly out of their element at such a function, thus reflecting somewhat unflatteringly upon social conditions in the United States, besides creating the impression that our legation did not exercise the care required on such an occasion.

Some of the mirthful comments that were afloat in the city came to the ear of the Minister, who, in a burst of soul-weariness, begged me to take charge of the presentations thereafter, and apply to them any kind of system I pleased. "I'd resign my post," he said, "before I would go through another such experience as this."

Two years later a nice old gentleman from the Middle West came to that legation as Minister. He was of a more inquisitive mind than his predecessor, and wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything. Thus it happened that I had to explain to him my diplomatic duplicity in filing applications for presentation. He would have none of it. "Everything aboveboard!" was his motto. He pulsated with pathos as he contended that the humblest woman in our land, no matter if she hailed from

(Continued on Page 29)



YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

By ROBERT BARR

THE breakfast-room of Lord Stranleigh's town house was a most cheerful apartment, and the young man who entered sat down to a repast which was at once abundant and choice. The appointments could scarcely have been bettered; the spotless linen, the polished silver, the prismatic cut-glass and the dainty porcelain formed a pleasant table picture, enhanced by the pile of luscious fruit, the little rolls of cool, golden butter; the crisp, white crescents, the brown toast, while the aroma of celestial coffee from the silver urn over a small electric heater was enough to spur the longing of a Sybarite. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that truth compels record of the fact that the languid person who found himself confronted by delicacies, in season and out, was healthily hungry; for some of us grumble because to him that hath shall be given, which seems unfair, and there appears to be a human satisfaction in the fable that the richest man in the world is compelled to breakfast on a diluted glass of milk. But, regrettable or no, Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood was preparing to do full justice to the excellence of the meal, when his man said to him, in a hushed, deferential whisper:

"Mr. Peter Mackeller has called, my lord, and insists on seeing you immediately. He says it is a matter of the utmost importance."

"Oh, dim!" ejaculated his lordship. "How these conscientious, earnest people tire me. As if anything could be a matter of importance at this hour except breakfast! Well, I suppose there is no escape: show him in."

He heaved a deep sigh, and murmured to himself:

"This is what comes of meddling with the City."

The stalwart young Mackeller entered. He was even more than usually unkempt, as if he had been sitting up all night in the hold of the tramp steamer which had kidnaped him. A deep frown marked his brow, and heightened the expression of rude strength that radiated from his determined face.

"Ah, Mackeller, good-morning," drawled his lordship, looking at the young man over his shoulder. "I'm delighted to see you, and just in the nick of time, too. Won't you sit down and breakfast with me?"

"Thank you," said Mackeller, in tones as crisp as the other's were affected. "I breakfasted two hours and a half ago. I've come to a business conference."

"Did you really? I'm sorry for that. My head is not very clear on business matters at any hour of the day. Nevertheless, the moment you came in I surmised you were in a hurry. For whom are you working, Mr. Mackeller?"

"Why, my lord, I understood I was in your employ."

"In that case, why don't you sit down?" asked his lordship with a slight laugh.

Peter Mackeller dropped into a chair with such suddenness that the laugh of his chief became more pronounced.

"You don't mind my going on with breakfast, and I am sure you will excuse me if I fail to regard this table as a quick-lunch counter. You appear to be under the impression that my affairs at the moment need the spur rather than the curb. Am I right in my conjecture?"

"Why, my lord, if ever there was a transaction where speed is the essence of the contract, as the lawyers say, it is the present condition of your gold property."

"Why, I fail to see that, Mackeller. I buy a property for, say, thirty-five thousand pounds. I receive a check for sixty-five thousand from the estimable Mr. Schwartzbrod and his colleagues. I have therefore acquired what you state is a valuable property for nothing, and there is bestowed upon me a bonus of thirty thousand pounds in addition, for taking it over. Whether or not there is any gold on the West Coast of Africa, there certainly repose thirty thousand golden sovereigns at my disposal in the bank—sovereigns which yesterday I did not possess—so I think I have concluded the deal very creditably for a sluggish-brained person like myself, and after such a profitable bit of mental exertion, it seems to me, I am entitled to a rest; but here you come, bristling with energy, and say: 'Let's hurry.' In Heaven's name, why? I've finished the transaction."

"Finished?" cried Mackeller. "Finished? Bless my soul, we've only just begun! Do you understand that the tramp steamer Rajah, with some hundred and fifty hired thieves aboard, is making, as fast as steam can push her through the water, for your property, with intent to loot the same? Do you comprehend that that steamer has been loaded by myself with the most modern surface-mining machinery, with dynamite, with provisions, with every facility for the speedy robbing of those goldfields, and that you have given that pirate Schwartzbrod a document acquitting him of all liability in the premises?"

"Yes, Peter, I suppose things are very much as you state them; but your tone implies that somehow I am to blame in the matter. I assure you that it is not my fault, but the fault of circumstances."

"Don't you intend to do anything, my lord?"

"Yes, I intend to enjoy my breakfast."

The Dark Man had Impressed Mackeller as Being a Capable Leader of Men

"Don't you propose to prosecute that scoundrel Schwartzbrod?"

"Prosecute? Bless my soul, what for?"

"For the trick he played on you and my father. He got that exculpating document from you under false pretenses."

"Not at all; not at all. I made certain stipulations; he complied with them. I then gave him the exculpating document, as you call it, and there it ends."

"You will do nothing, then?"

"My dear boy, there's nothing to do."

"Don't you intend to stop these pirates from mining your gold, and getting it aboard the Rajah?"

"Certainly not; why should I?"

"Nor give information to the authorities?"

"Of course not. The authorities have more information now than they can use."

"You have no intention, then, of interfering with this band of gold robbers?"

"Oh, no!"

"You're going to let them go ahead?"

"I am." And with that his lordship pushed back his chair, and threw his right leg over his left. Lord Stranleigh, a picture of contentment, leaned back in his chair, and blew rings of filmy smoke toward the ceiling

Peter Mackeller—the gloom on whose face had grown darker and darker—watched the nonchalant young man opposite him with a curl of contempt on his lip; yet he realized that, if his lordship could not be forced to move, he himself was helpless. At last he rose slowly to his feet, the first tardy movement he had made since he entered the breakfast-room.

"Very good, my lord. Then you have no further need of me, and I beg you to accept my resignation."

"I'm sorry," drawled his lordship, "but, before you quit my service, I should like to receive one well-thought-out opinion from you."

"What is your problem, my lord?"

"It is this, Mackeller: I consider the after-breakfast tobacco the most enticing smoke of the day. I wish to know if you agree with me."

"Oh!" cried Mackeller, bringing his huge fist down on the table, and setting the breakfast things a-jingling, and with this word and action he strode toward the door.

The butler was there as if to open it for him, but his lordship made a slight turning motion of his wrist, whereupon Ponderby instantly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, standing there as silent and imperturbable as if he had not just imprisoned a free-born British subject, which he certainly had no legal right to do.

The enraged captive fruitlessly shook the door, then turned round, his face ablaze with anger. Neither his lordship nor the butler moved a muscle.

"Mr. Mackeller," drawled his lordship, "you have been conversing most interestingly, I admit, on subjects that did not in the least concern you. Now, perhaps, you will resume your duty."

"My duty? What is my duty?" demanded the engineer.

"Why, I hoped it would not be necessary to remind you of it. I sent you down to Southampton to look after my property: the Rajah, which I had hired, and the machinery and provisions which I had bought. Through your negligence, carelessness, laches, default, supineness, inattention, or whatever other quality it pleases you to attribute the circumstance to, you allowed yourself to be hoodwinked like a schoolboy, trapped like a rat, tied like a helpless sack on a pack-horse for an unstated number of

miles, flung like a bundle into a pilot-boat, and landed like a haddock on the beach. A man to whom all this happened must be well endowed with cheek to enter my house and berate me for indolence. So cease standing there like a graven image with your back to the door, and do not perambulate the room as you did a minute ago, like a tiger in his cage at the zoo, but sit down here once more, fling one leg over the other, and give me slowly, so that I can understand it, a formal report of your Southampton mission and the disaster which attended it. You may begin by apologizing for dealing a deadly blow at my table, which is quite innocent, and for offending my ears by the expletive that preceded such action."

Mackeller strode over to the chair again, and plumped down like the fall of a sledge-hammer.

"You're right. I apologize, and ask you to pardon my tongue-play and fist-play."

"Go on."

"When I went aboard the Rajah, neither the captain nor any of the officers offered opposition to my resuming command of the loading. The stuff was on the wharf, and in less than three days it was all aboard, well stowed away. During this time I had seen nothing to rouse my suspicions that anything underhand was to be attempted. I had informed the captain that you were now the charterer of the steamer, and he received the intelligence with apparent indifference, saying something to the effect that it mattered nothing to him who his owners were, so long as his money was safe. The last material taken aboard was a large quantity of canvas for making tents, and lucky for me it was that I placed this at the foot of the ladder up from the hold. The workers had all gone on deck, and I was taking a final look around, wondering whether anything had been forgotten. I then mounted the ladder, and was amazed to see old Schwartzbrod standing there, talking to a tall, dark man who was, I afterward learned, the leader of the expedition. This man, without a word, planted his foot against my breast, and heaved me backward down into the hold. Immediately afterward, I was battened down, and in darkness. By the running about on the deck above me I realized that the steamer was getting ready to cast off, and, within an hour, I heard the engines and screw at work.

"It was night, and we were threshing seaward through the Channel, when the covering of the hatchway was lifted and the man who had imprisoned me came down the ladder alone, with a lantern in his hand, which struck me as rather brave in the circumstances; but then, he was armed, and I was not; so, after all, I had little chance against him. He placed the lantern on the bales of canvas upon which I had fallen, and began, with seeming courtesy, by begging pardon for what he had done. Throughout he spoke very quietly, and impressed me as a determined and capable person. He said that if I gave him my word that I should speak to no one aboard, or attempt to hail any passing craft, should such come near us, he would allow me on deck, and would send me ashore when the pilot left the ship.

"'And if I refuse to give my word?' I asked.

"'In that case,' he replied, 'I shall supply you with some food and water, and will carry you to the end of our voyage.'

"'And where is that?' I asked.

"'I don't know,' he said. 'I have nothing to do with the navigation of the ship. I believe we are making for some port in South America, but I couldn't be certain.'

"I realized that I could do nothing while in the hold, and, although I knew perfectly well they were making for the West African coast, and not for South America, I would be equally helpless once I reached there. Besides, it was of vital importance that I should telegraph to you and my father. In fact, I was amazed that, having taken the risk of placing me in confinement as they had done, they should allow me to get on shore so soon. But I suppose the crafty old Schwartzbrod knew that, if I remained missing long, there would be an outcry in the newspapers; so he reckoned it was safer to risk my being put ashore, as he estimated we could not possibly fit out another steamer and start in pursuit under a week at the very least, and with that start they could have the channel of the river blocked, a fort or two erected, and so bid us defiance when we did arrive."

"But, if they blocked the river," interrupted his lordship, "they would shut themselves in, as well as shut us out."

"Not necessarily," continued the engineer. "I have reason to believe that before I reached Southampton, a number of floating mines were stowed away in the front part of the ship. These mines could be planted in the mouth of the river, and a chart kept, which, in the possession of the captain, would enable him to thread the channel in safety, while a navigator without this protection and guide would run a thousand chances of finding his ship blown up."

"Why," said his lordship, with admiration, "our city syndicate are as brave as the buccaneers of ancient times. They surely must be running considerable risk of penal servitude for life?"

"I am not sure that they are, my lord," replied Mackeller. "You see, this property is situated in a native state. The concession was granted by the chief of the ruling tribe in that district. British law does not run in that locality, and I very much doubt if the steamer Rajah will ever again put into a British port. My notion is that they will load her up with ore, and make for some point, probably in the Portuguese possessions, where they will smelt the ore, sell the ingots, and, in the shape of hard cash, which cannot be ear-marked, the product of your mine will reach the syndicate in London. Now, my lord, you spoke of negligence, culpability, and all that. There is the story, and if you can show me where I was negligent of your interests, all I can say is that my error was not intentional."

"Well, you see, Mackeller, you were acquainted with old Schwartzbrod, and I wasn't. I had not met him up to that time, and I knew nothing personally of the syndicate, whereas you did. I think you should have put some shrewd man on to watch the trains and learn if any of these men had come to Southampton, or, perhaps, you should have given us the tip in London, and we could have had the immaculate seven shadowed. I expected to meet legal trickery, but not bold swashbucklering of this sort."

"Yes, it would have been better to set a watch; but, although I knew the men, nothing in their conduct led me

Well-Groomed, Clear-Eyed, and Fresh as a Youth Whose Night's Rest has Been Undisturbed

to suspect a trick like this. However, as I am no longer in your employ, you shall not suffer further from my incompetence."

"I think, Mackeller, you ought to give me notice. How much should I have to pay you if I dismissed you?"

"Six months' salary, I believe, is the legal amount."

"Well, then, why not give me half a year's notice?"

"I suppose you are entitled to it, my lord."

"Then that's all right. Half a year from now we shake hands and bid each other a tearful farewell. Much may happen in twenty-six weeks, you know."

"Not if you're going to do nothing, Lord Stranleigh."

"Mackeller, there is one characteristic which I do not like about you. Perhaps, it is over-sensitiveness on my part, but it sometimes seems to me that you think I am lacking in energy. I may find it difficult to put your mind right on this subject. Let me give you an illustration, chosen from your own interesting profession of mining-engineering. I am credibly informed that if a hole is drilled in a piece of hard rock, and a portion of dynamite inserted therein, the explosion which follows generally rends the rock in twain."

He paused, and there was no reply. Unabashed, his lordship proceeded:

"That is energy, if you like. Shall we name it a Mackellerite form of energy? Now I shall tell you of a thing I have seen done on one of my own estates. A number of holes were bored in a large boulder, and instead of dynamite, we drove in a number of wooden pins, and over those pins we poured placidly clear, cold water. After a time the rock gently parted. There was no dust, no smoke, no flame and fury and nerve-shattering detonation, yet the swelling pins had done exactly the same work that your stick of dynamite would have performed. Now, that also was energy, of the Stranleighite variety. I suppose it would be difficult to make the stick of dynamite understand the stick of wood, and *vice versa*. By the way, have you seen your father since you returned from Southampton?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you I possess a trim little ocean-going steam yacht, at present lying in a British harbor?"

"No, he did not."

"But I thought I made him aware of what I intended to do?"

"Apparently, he understood you no better than I do; at least, he told me he did not know what course you proposed to take."

"I informed him that my yacht was fitted out with turbine engines, and could reel off, at a pinch, twenty-five knots an hour. Now, how far away is this bally gold property of yours?"

"About three thousand five hundred miles."

"Very good. Toward this interesting spot the Rajah is plodding along at seven knots an hour, perhaps doing a little less, as her owners guarantee that speed. How long will it take her to reach the what-do-you-call-it river? There is no use of my attempting figures when I have an uncivil engineer in my employ."

"About twenty-one days," replied Mackeller.

"Very well. If my yacht goes only twice that speed, which she can accomplish in her sleep, we'd get there in half the time, wouldn't we? I think that mathematical calculation is correct?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then we'd be Johnnie-on-the-spot in about eleven days wouldn't we?"

"Yes, my lord."

"The Rajah has now four days the start of us. Then don't you see we can spend six more days over our porridge in the morning, and still reach our river before she does? Now, don't you begin to be ashamed of yourself, Mackeller? Why rush me over my frugal meal when we have such ample time to spare? I'd much rather spend the six days here in London than up some malarious, alligator-filled river on the West Coast of Africa."

Mackeller's stern face brightened.

"Then you do intend to chase them, after all, my lord?"

"Chase them? Why, bless you, no. Why should I chase them? They are the good Schwartzbrod's hired men. He's paying their wages. Chase them? Of course not; but I'm going to pass them, and get up the river before they do."

Mackeller sprang to his feet, his face ablaze with enthusiasm, his fist nervously clenching and unclenching.

"Now, do sit down, Peter," wailed his lordship. "Ponderby," he continued, turning to his impassive butler, "would you be so good as to go into my business office, and bring me my telegraph duplicate book?"

Then, turning to his visitor, he added:

"I am so methodical that I keep a copy of every telegram I send. I shall ask you to look through this book with the critical eye of an engineer, and you will learn that, while you were raging up from Southampton, I was ordering by telegraph, to be sent to my yacht, the more important materials for the contest in which we may be involved. A man must make some move to protect his own property, you know."

The butler placed before Lord Stranleigh the book containing copies of the telegrams sent the day before, and his lordship handed it gracefully to Mackeller.

Mackeller turned the leaves of the book, reading as he went along. His eyebrows came lower and lower over his gloomy eyes, and a faint smile moved the lips of his lordship as he sat there quietly watching him. Finally, he snapped the book shut, and put it down with a slap on the table.

"Twenty-four dozens of champagne; fifty dozens of claret, burgundy, hock, Scotch whisky. Are you going to fight this band of ruffians, my lord, by popping champagne corks at them, or smothering them in tobacco smoke?"

"I have told you once or twice, Mackeller, that I don't intend fighting any one at all; but, if the band of ruffians should come to dine with me aboard the yacht, I'd like the hospitality shown them to do me credit."

"Very well, your lordship," said Peter with resignation. "You have reminded me that my time is not my own, but yours; so, if it gives you any pleasure to befool me, don't allow consideration for my feelings to deter you."

"Ah, you got in a good left-hander on me there, Peter. That's where you score. Now, the proper time having elapsed after a meal when a man should talk business, even if, like me, he does not understand it, I will ask you this question: What is the name of that river of yours?"

"The Paramakaboo."

"Thanks. Well, as I understood you, it reaches the sea by several channels. Is our property on the main stream?"

"The streams are all about the same size, so far as I was able to learn."

"How far back from the coast are the mountains?"

"You can hardly call them mountains. They are reasonably high hills, and I estimate the distance to be from twenty-five to thirty miles. Our property is twelve miles up the river."

"A steamer drawing the depth of the Rajah could get up there, you think?"

"Oh, yes, and could lay alongside the rocks in front of the goldfield without needing a wharf of any sort."

"If I took the yacht up another channel, would she be out of sight of any one stationed on our property?"

"The delta is rather flat for a few miles back from the coast, but if you go upstream for fifteen miles or so, there are plenty of hills that would conceal even a line-of-battleship; but any one on your property could see her sailing up the stream while she was in the low-lying country."

"That doesn't matter. I intend to get there before our friends do, so there will be no trouble on that score."

"Don't you intend to arm your yacht?"

"Oh, yes; I shall have on board a few sporting rifles, some shotguns, and plenty of ammunition. Is there any game back in the mountains?"

"I don't know. How many riflemen do you propose to take with you?"

"I was thinking of inviting some of my younger gamekeepers; perhaps half a dozen."

"But they can't hold out against a hundred and fifty well-armed men, not to mention the sailors belonging to the Rajah."

"My dear fellow, why is your mind always running on fighting? We are not filibusters, but merely staid, respectable city persons going to look over a property we have purchased. If we are discovered and attacked, we will valorously fly, and as, at a pinch, I can get twenty-five knots an hour out of the boat, I think with the current of the stream in my favor we can reach the sea in case these misguided persons become obstreperous."

"I don't see how that course of action will save your gold from being stolen."

"Don't you? Well, you'll have an inkling by-and-by. Now, I wish you to go back to Southampton. You negotiated for the charter of the Rajah, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Who are her owners?"

"Messrs. Sparling and Bilge."

"Very well. I'll give you a blank check and ask you to return to Southampton. Discover, if you can, what is the reasonable value of the Rajah, then go to Sparling and Bilge and purchase the steamer. See that everything is done legally, and arrange the transfer to me."

"Is there to be any limit in the price I am to pay, Lord Stranleigh?"

"Oh, yes, of course, we must place a limit; say ten times the value of the ship. Make as good a bargain as you can. Part of the arrangement must be that Sparling and Bilge write a letter to the captain, telling him that they have sold the boat, that it belongs to me, and that they have transferred to me whatever contract they made with him, the officers and the crew; that I will be responsible hereafter for the pay of the same. Then find out what can be done toward changing the name of the steamer. I wish to paint out the word Rajah and substitute, out of compliment to you, the name Blue Peter. Blue Peter means the flag of that color with a white square which is run up to the masthead when the ship is about to sail, and I doubt not the Blue Peter was flying over Peter Mackeller as he lay in the hold. Please learn if we can change the name legally, and if we cannot, why, we'll see what can be done when the ship is in our possession. I am not going to indulge in any amateur piracy, so I expect you to look sharply after the legal points of the transfer. Get the assistance of the best marine lawyer there is in Southampton. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, my lord, and I will carry out your instructions to the letter. I think I see what you intend to do."

"I am the most transparent of men, Mackeller. There's no subtility about me, so you can gain little credit by fathoming my plans. We will suppose that two days are required to put me in possession of the Rajah. Return then to London, pack your trunk, bid good-by to all your friends, and say nothing to them of what you have done, or what you intend to do, what you guess, or what you know, not even to your father, whom I have made president of the company, because I dislike unnecessary publicity and desire to keep my name in the shade of that modest obscurity which has always enveloped it. Buy anything you think you may require for the voyage, and ship your dunnage to Plymouth, addressed care of the yacht The Woman in White. Then engage a berth in the sleeping car on the 9:50 Penzance express, Great Western Railway, first-class fare, and five shillings extra for your stateroom, and don't forget to charge it to me. At the unholy hour of 6:49 in the morning you will arrive at Redruth in Cornwall, where you can indulge in an early breakfast, which you seem to delight in. In the environs of that village you will find a little property which is owned by me, and on that bit of land is an abandoned copper mine with a smelting furnace. I think the smelting apparatus is in reasonably good order, but I doubt if any of the other appurtenances of the mine are of much value. Now, having gone into the mining business, I intend to work this property for all it's worth, and I propose that you spend a day or two getting a suitable manager, rigging up windlasses, and that sort of thing, so that we will see whether there is more money in copper to-day than was the case when the mine was abandoned, years and years ago. I suppose that modern processes may enable us to extract more copper out of the ore than our fathers found possible. Anyhow, my idea is to get the blast furnace in working order once more, and by the time we return to England we shall probably know whether there is any brass, in another sense of the word, in the mine. Do you think you comprehend that task as well as the buying of the Rajah?"

"I Believe You are Running into a Trap"

"But why trouble with copper, Lord Stranleigh, when you have on your hands the most prolific gold mine, as I believe it to be, in the world? Don't you intend to stop that crew in some way from lifting the ore? What are you going to West Africa for?"

"For the voyage. For the scenery. For the chance of big game in the back country. I shall read all the latest books that I haven't had time to peruse here in London. By the way, is the neighborhood of our mine a healthy locality?"

"I should say it was rather feverish along the coast, but up toward the hills I think it is quite as healthy as Hampstead."

"I shall induce a doctor friend of mine to come with us. I'm glad I thought of that."

"Then I am to set this copper mine of yours in operation down in Cornwall?"

"Exactly. And be sure to engage and leave behind you a competent manager to engage the men, renew the machinery, and all that."

"Of course, it's no business of mine, my lord, but it strikes me that this is an unnecessary and losing venture. The copper industry of Cornwall has been steadily decreasing in value."

"Oh, Peter, Peter, how little of the foresight of your saintly namesake do you possess! Does not your imagination see the little harbor of Portreath, which means the sandy cove? Of course it doesn't, for you are probably ignorant that such a port exists. Our smelter is situated near this marine haven of rest. Stir up your fancy, my boy, and see in your mind's eye the steamer Rajah, loaded with ore, but renamed the Blue Peter, floating majestically into Portreath. What more natural than that the grasping Stranleigh should own another copper mine where there is no smelter, and that this ship brings copper ore to our Cornwall furnace? The Blue Peter will probably first put into Plymouth, where she is less likely to be recognized by seafaring folk than would be the case at Southampton. We will there discharge the crew, giving every man double pay. We will compensate the captain and his officers, sending everybody away happy. Then we will engage another captain and another crew, who know nothing of where the steamer has come from, and thus we sail round Land's End, and put into little Portreath."

"You propose, then, to capture the Rajah on the high seas, following it with your much more speedy yacht?"

"Oh, no; not capture. I'm going to take possession, that's all. The Rajah is mine as incontestably as the yacht is. The ore with which she will be loaded is also mine. My instruments are a quill pen and nice red stamps embossed at Somerset House."

"And who will pay the men who are blasting out the ore on the banks of the river Paramakaboo?"

"Why, really, Mackeller, that is no affair of mine. These industrious people are employed by the saintly Schwartzbrod. If that astute financier elects to engage a large body of labor to get out my ore for me, then I think you will admit, Mackeller, much as you are prejudiced against him, that he is really the philanthropic benefactor of his race I have always said he was."

"But—but—but," stammered Mackeller, "when they discover how they have been befooled there will be a riot."

"I don't see that. When I discharge the captain and crew at Plymouth, I shall have cut the live wire, if I may use an expression from your absorbing profession. The connecting cable between those deluded miners in West Africa and the amiable syndicate in London will be severed. The captain knows nothing, I take it, of Schwartzbrod. He was employed by Sparling and Bilge. Going ashore at Plymouth, out of a job, he would probably look for a ship in that port, and failing to find one, might journey to his old employers at Southampton. But, although I discharge the captain, I don't intend to turn him adrift. I have already set influences at work which will secure for him a better boat than the Rajah, and the contented man will sail away from Plymouth, from London, or from some Northern port, as the case may be. It is not likely that captain, officers or crew knows the nature of the ore they will be carrying, but I don't intend to leave the wire partially cut. I shall provide places on various ships for officers and crew, and scatter them over the face of the earth, casting my breadwinners on the waters, as one may say, hoping they will not return for many days."

"But, when Schwartzbrod hears nothing of the Rajah at whatever foreign port he ordered her to sail, he will make inquiries of Sparling and Bilge."

"I very much doubt that. He has chartered their ship, and must either produce the steamer or renew the charter. That reminds me—for how long a period was the Rajah engaged?"

"For three months, with option of renewal."

"Good. Toward the end of that time old Schwartzbrod will write to Sparling and Bilge, extending the charter for another three months. He dare not go to see these shipping men, because he has mislaid their steamship."

"Yes, but Sparling and Bilge will merely reply that they have sold the Rajah and refer Schwartzbrod to Lord Stranleigh."

"Bravo, Peter! You are actually beginning to get an inkling of Mr. Schwartzbrod's dilemma. I had almost despaired of making this clear to you."

"Still, I don't understand the object of cutting the live wire, as you call it, if you leave another communicating

(Continued on Page 30)

THE MADMEN OF THE DESERT

Bird's-Eye View of Tonopah, Nevada, a Town on the Edge of a Waterless Valley, Begirt with Barren Hills. It Lies in the Heart of a Burned-Out World

The Good-Luck Side of the Goldfields

By REX BEACH

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I

TO BEGIN with, I was prejudiced against Goldfield when I went West. I felt that the Nevada desert was being exploited by means which real mining men would never use. The daily sight of page after page in the advertising sections of Eastern newspapers offering for sale a few million loose shares of stock that happened to be left around helped me in the belief. On the way out, a greasy gentleman, who groaned when he ate, turned out to be one of the leading citizens of the largest camp. He was a newly-made "multi," and accused himself of it boldly. He gabbled constantly in a loud voice of the glories of Goldfield till I confided that the desert was my goal and that I went thither to write about it, whereupon he closed up like a bivalve and gazed upon me with alien eyes, and thereafter when I approached his end of the car he assumed the sapient smile of a Hindoo and the silence of the Sphinx. He was possessed of a Western belief in his own superiority and a conviction that all Eastern men are not only crooked, but also of a constricted mental calibre, and should receive their information in child's doses, predigested.

I had heard the story of the Hayes-Monnette lease, of how four men in four months made four million dollars out of an acre and a half of ground on the Mohawk, yet every Nevadan to whom I talked passed me this as a fresh bit of news. I asked of other doings, but they forced this tale at me again and again. I turned my face away and demanded details of other mines, only to receive the Hayes-Monnette story in a new guise, like the Hank-Monk-Horace-Greeley episode.

Upon the day of my arrival at Tonopah I was introduced to one of the large promoters whose past life, present methods and future finish had been the topic of several rabid articles in an Eastern magazine. The author had used the muck-rake in the usual way, then whacked his victim over the head with it, broken its teeth off in him and jabbed the splintered handle into his brisket. When I was presented as a writer in quest of things to write the bristles along the promoter's neck lifted, his eyes grew bloodshot and he began to howl like a timber wolf. Never before had I realized what a guilty thing is a writer, nor the enormity of such a one's offense against decency, morals and good government. He told me all about it. Furthermore, he predicted for me all manner of immediate and painful deaths, under the pleasantest of which I was to be run panting out on to the desert and left there to perish of thirst. Nor did this prejudice me in favor of the Nevada goldfields and the personnel of its operators. But later I met other men, who gazed at me squarely and said:

"Did you come to see or to write?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want the truth, or were you sent to expose somebody?"

I assured them that I came "for to admire and for to see"; that the truth, if bad for the country, would perhaps be good for the story; but if to the country's credit, I'd take a desperate chance and try to get it into print, anyhow; that I wished to be introduced to a few facts, and if, in my travels, I kicked up a covey of crooks, I'd take a shot, no matter what were the local game laws.

They took me through their clubs, their offices, their homes and their mines. They offered me access to any or every set of books in the district. They delegated men to give me statistics and data ranging from the rainfall in Death Valley to the birth-rate at Hazen, and were hurt when I took no notes. They showed me through forbidden leases where the ore was under guard, and allowed me to "high grade" in places where the owners dared not be seen without permission of the leases; they answered every question that I put, and permitted me to boss their chauffeurs in loud, harsh tones.

No man may say that he knows the truth on sight, but before I had spent two weeks among these men and their mines I came to realize that I could not write sanely of what I saw until I got away where time and distance would give me a truer perspective. No man can breathe the air of those camps and see the things those men are doing and still retain his balance. Yet it is a dangerous thing to generalize upon conditions in a mining camp; therefore I shall merely tell a few of the things I saw, a few of the stories I heard from men I had known in other camps when we fought the cold of the Arctics and toiled together toward the "over-yonder" land. Among the many fortunate ones, I found friend after friend with whom I had wintered in the North, and they told me the stories of their strivings. Of figures I got many, in the main correct, I think. If they are not, it doesn't matter, as they would be quite as amazing if cut in half.

In all of the attempts to exploit the Nevada goldfields which have come to my notice, it has seemed to be the authors' idea that a gold mine is a riddle, for the privilege of guessing the answer to which the public pays large sums of money. Also, to them, a mining operator seems to typify the highest development and centralization of the get-rich-quick idea. As a matter of fact, wherever there is a good thing, there also may be found its counterfeit, and frauds are there, of course.

In writing of a district the prosperity of which depends largely upon its publicity and where nine-tenths of the citizens have something to sell, an author takes considerable risk. In an effort to generalize he may say things honestly which enthusiastic promoters may distort and use to induce speculation of an improper nature or in enterprises which the writer would have criticised had he worked through a smaller mesh. He may even find paragraphs clipped from the text of his story, shorn of sarcasm or condemnation, and advertised as indorsements of "wild cats" of the wildest character. Such things have been done in the Goldfield district. Certain sentences of a recent sarcastic editorial in a magazine were lifted from the context, robbed of their true meaning and distributed broadcast to show that that periodical "stood" for the scheme. Men who would do this would not inspire confidence. If they would distort quotations from their magazines they would distort the quotations of their stock as they have the facts used in their advertisements.

It is not the author's intention or desire to "boost" the goldfields of Nevada, nor to encourage investment in mines or speculation in that kind of stocks, for, wherever exists such a money madness as prevails there, hordes of men will be found waiting to prey on the careless. These men need no assistance in the gentle art of living easy, and when the prosperity of the American people is so great that they will pay five dollars for two-dollar theatre tickets or twenty times that sum for the privilege of buying champagne in New York cafés on New Year's Eve, no scheme can be too extravagant to secure backers, no chance too long to get takers. But the growth of the Nevada desert is a great story in itself, and the tale of how it flowered is worth telling. To do so one must particularize, for his picture, when done, will consist of details.

There are means of making money in a mining camp other than from holes in the ground. For instance, two stone office-buildings in Tonopah are netting forty per cent. of their cost per annum under five-year leases, while a new five-story structure covered by a similar lease brings in annually thirty-eight per cent. of its original cost. This city is seven years old and has passed the speculative stage, yet I was shown a twenty-eight-thousand-dollar business block which has netted fourteen thousand dollars each year since its completion.

Although the desert is bare of vegetation and timber is unknown, it contains the finest building material to be had on this continent, a material which is found elsewhere only in Italy, I believe, and which architects consider the ideal stone for their uses. This is tufa, a soft, white, volcanic rock which quarries easily and hardens upon exposure to the air.

In contrast to the desolation all about, there will come a day when these barrens will be dotted with gleaming, precious cities built of a stone of which New York or San Francisco cannot boast. It is unfair to call them mining camps, even now, as they are cities built for keeps, their suburbs filled with handsome, even extravagant, residences. In them soft-footed servants come and go, and the

Mining Without the Aid of Machinery. Sacking Ore for Shipment. Most of the Wealth of Goldfield Has Been Mined in this Manner

Union Block, Goldfield, Nevada. This Building Paid for its Cost of Construction in Two Years. Much Finer Buildings are Now Being Erected

owners dress for dinner, while outside the bitter winter wind whips over the hills, drifting the valleys full, or in summer the hot dust-storms rage blindingly.

A real-estate firm in Tonopah states that it guarantees a return of thirty per cent. per annum on city investments, while the history of Goldfield shows even more remarkable instances. For example, a three-storied brick-and-stone structure at the latter place, every bit of material in which was hauled by mule teams, will pay for itself in two years. To illustrate the upward flight of real-estate values, last fall a twenty-five-foot lot was purchased, for three thousand five hundred dollars, upon which to erect a new stock-exchange building. Three months later it became necessary to enlarge the plans, when it was found that the price of the adjoining twenty-five feet had increased to fourteen thousand dollars.

On January 1 there were six modern stone office-buildings in course of construction at Goldfield—one of four stories, absolutely fire-proof and to cost four hundred thousand dollars. A two-hundred-thousand-dollar hotel was building, as well as a three-storied club house, to say nothing of countless residences. These latter, under present conditions, pay for themselves in about eight months. A certain corner lot, which two years ago was a patch of desert sand, sold recently for thirty thousand dollars, while I saw two others which had been bought for thirty dollars, and which brought the same figure. It may be added that these were owned by a youth who started two years ago with nothing, and who has cleaned up about two hundred thousand dollars during the past six months.

The first man I met was an old Klondiker, with whom, in the bleak days of our Yukon poverty, I had chopped wood for steamboats. He walked into Goldfield from Tonopah because he could not stand the stage-driver's graft, and in a couple of years made a million. Rumor sets the limit at a higher figure, but, at any rate, he hustled as broken men hustle, and he made good. He was minded to take a chance and, being early on the ground, his name is attached to many deeds and leases. Some of his thousands he took out of the ground, some he made in business ventures, but his "big killing" came through the rise in stocks and in a few promotions. He is building a fine hotel at Ely, a new city of copper, and he lives in a twenty-thousand-dollar brick residence. Being seized with a hunger for green and growing things, he planted a lawn, last spring, then hired a man at ninety dollars a month to chaperon it. He paid an equal amount for water to sprinkle on it, and, after three months, raised a morning-glory.

Two years ago the John S. Cook & Co. Bank was incorporated at Goldfield, with a capitalization of fifty thousand dollars; on the first of last January its statement showed deposits of five million three hundred thousand dollars. There are other like institutions doing business in the same town.

A Goldfield merchant who makes less than a hundred per cent. per year on his investment feels that there must be an undiscovered leak in his business somewhere, and that he is wasting time. The railroad which was built recently, connecting the two towns with the spur of the Southern Pacific Railway, paid for its cost of construction in six months or thereabouts. Tremendous sums have been invested in lighting and water plants, in the development of wells and of electric power, till the camps have up-to-date sewage systems and fire protection, and glow at night like Luna Park or a World's Fair. Most of the mines are electrically operated, and the stranger on leaving his pullman at night feels that he has stepped into the incandescent glare of an Atlantic seaside resort.

That which strikes one first is the insufferable prosperity and optimism of these people. No man is there who has not made a killing or who doesn't think he is about to put a crimp in the circulating medium by the morrow, at latest. They have no time to talk except of options, leases and ledges. There are no places of amusement except the dance-halls, and these are filled with day laborers and the flotsam and jetsam of the frontier. The operators, the foremen, the brokers and the managers are sitting in their clubs, talking of mines. Theatrical companies play to starvation business, while the men of affairs sit cheek by jowl and talk in whispers

From the Trinity Mountains in Humboldt County, south through Churchill, Nye and Esmeralda, down across that broiling, thirsty sink of misery, Death Valley, into California, mines are being found—mines of gold, of silver and of copper—and new camps are springing up every month. Last spring a town named Wonder was written on the map, and in three months six of its mines were sacking ore, and one could not buy a lot on the main street for less than two thousand dollars—this before a wagon-road had been opened up to the place.

A Swede named Tom Wilson prowled around the Round Mountain neighborhood for a few weeks last summer, testing the bone-dry surface-dirt of the mountainside, asking no questions and saying little. From his actions he was considered harmless, especially when he finally secured a lease of the placer rights on a little piece of ground. He installed a dry washer and in two months took out about thirty thousand dollars, at almost no expense, from the loose dirt over which a horde of other men had walked. One property here was producing seventy thousand dollars per month without the aid of any machinery, not even a hoist. It is not known as yet the depths to which these values "go down."

About two years ago Bob Montgomery, a poor man, discovered a mine at Rhyolite, as far south of Goldfield as Round Mountain is north of that place. He realized something like three million dollars from a sale of the property, besides retaining an interest. The mine is now worth about twenty-one million dollars, according to the present valuation of its stock.

During the holidays, Bull-frog, a town of two thousand people, offered a purse of fifty thousand dollars for a prize-fight at that place, while there are many other cities building in every corner of the desert. When the town of Manhattan had its boom, sixty-eight thousand dollars in

(Concluded on Page 26)

THE BISHOP'S CONVERT

A Fresh Start on the Road of For Better or For Worse

By Elmore Elliott Peake

I

THE thousand windows in the plain, rectangular buildings of the King Implement Company had been dark for hours, but at twelve o'clock a light still burned in the office. The solitary figure bending over the ledgers was not some poor devil of a bookkeeper, as the night watchman half contemptuously conjectured, but Horace King himself, owner of the works.

Now and then he rested his aggressive chin in the palm of his hand, with tired, reflective eyes. Oddly enough, it was not of the ominous figures before him that he then thought, but of his wife. The balance in his ledgers had been on the wrong side for over a year—ever since the formation of the farm-machinery trust; but the balance in his household had been on the wrong side for a still longer period.

To diagnose the trouble was not easy. Something had gone out of his home life that had been there before; not with a crash, but as sap goes from a girdled tree, noiselessly, invisibly, impalpably. Existence had become commonplace, dull, stale, an effort. The rosy tints of his bridegroom and succeeding days had faded to a dead gray. He had been married ten years; his wife was now thirty, and he forty. The first half of this period had been years of supreme happiness and content. He had doubled his fortune, enlarged his plant, and opened markets for his product in the ends of the earth. He had become a kind of godfather to the village, feeding and clothing it through his pay-rolls, directing its bank, advising its widows, and contributing to public improvements. Yet through it all his fireside had remained the dearest place on earth to him. Meanwhile, Clara's mind, which had charmed him from the days of her plaits and short skirts, had not slept. If he were a king, she felt herself every inch a queen. Great as was his ambition, he sometimes felt that behind her low, Greek brow there lay a greater one. From her humble parental home to the fireside of her millionaire husband was a tremendous leap, but she made it without fear or dizziness, landing squarely on her feet. Money did not spoil her. She was the same thoughtful, serious girl. Sometimes, when she was tired of reading—and she was an insatiable reader—she would steal over to King's lap and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, murmur: "Oh, lover, there is so much to know, so much to do, so much to *be!*" How could he have been otherwise than proud of her, albeit a little anxious lest she overtax herself?

The first concrete results of this intellectual ferment were possibly a little crude. She organized a woman's club in Kingston; she built a public library; she added to the house a picture-gallery, and made two trips to Europe in search of pictures; she joined an art society in the city, and went to the city once a week for a painting lesson from a distinguished artist; she filled the stable with blooded horses, and installed a liveried coachman—the first one Kingston had ever seen. To none of this did King object, although he had small relish for her coachman or her frequent absences from home.

But, this outward impulse spent, her hunger turned upon herself, as it were. She read and studied and wrote and painted many hours each day. King, for a business man, was unusually sensitive to the finer things of life; but his wife soon began to dwell on heights where the atmosphere was too rare for him to breathe with comfort. He ceased to try to follow her.

This, perhaps, was the first pitted speck in the fruit. Next, it gradually came to be understood that when she was in her study she was not to be interrupted, even by her husband. Sometimes she would remain there until a late hour, while King sat by another fire, smoking, reading, writing letters, or playing with little Esther, but always waiting. Finally the truth was forced upon him that his wife was drifting from him or he from her.

Yet he was not the man to complain. Besides, words, in a crisis like this, could effect nothing. All he could do was to wait for the passing of the obsession with which she was apparently afflicted. At times a cure seemed imminent. She would desert her study for days, apparently hungry for his society. But she always went back to the study. She ceased to call at his office—she had not been there now in over four years; she never talked about his business. Far back in the past, indeed, seemed that day when, his first foreign consignment of goods being ready for the cars, she had gayly seized the brush from the shipping-clerk's hands, and marked the first big box herself.

"Fidelity Fiddlesticks!" Roared the Bishop

Yet she was no recluse. She had one or two intimates in the village, and her house was always open to a congenial coterie from the city, mostly members of her art club, and the painters and writers who moved in the same social orbit. They were pleasant people; they greatly respected their host's capacity for making money; but as long as his money was disbursed, so far as their pleasures were concerned, only by their hostess, they confined their attentions to her.

When King reached the house on the night in question, a light still burned in his wife's study, although it was nearly one o'clock. He could see her shapely, tawny head bent over a table, in the glow of a drop-light. On the opposite side was a man whom King recognized, from the porch, as the Reverend Dr. Crossy, an Episcopalian rector from a neighboring town who conducted services twice a month in Kingston.

King smiled cynically at the pair. His wife's defection from the church of her fathers was a part of her "renaissance," as he mournfully designated it to himself. There had been no Episcopal church in Kingston, but Clara had immediately formed one by gathering about her half a dozen disgruntled or sycophantic families from the other churches. Now they had built themselves a chapel. A little beauty it was, too, designed by one of Clara's architect friends, and made of Ohio green sandstone. Why shouldn't they use stone when he, King, was to pay for it? Doubtless it was this same chapel, soon to be dedicated, which was the cause of the late conference between the rector and his fair parishioner and hostess.

The master of the house sat down before a hickory fire in his own lounging-room, and took his customary "night-cap" in the shape of a cigar. Clara entered a few minutes later. Ten years of the intimacies of wedded life had not dulled her charms for him, though, alas! the precious sense of possession was now gone. Now, as in the beginning, her loveliness came to him, even after the briefest separation, as a gentle surprise, a beneficent miracle. Her beauty was still of the bud type rather than of the flower; and she still possessed a nymphlike suppleness and freshness of skin. The amber eyes, in spite of the volumes they had consumed, still had an alert, inquiring brightness. Her lips were full and strong. Ah, how he had loved the girl! How he loved her yet!

"Did I hear you just come in?" she asked, settling momentarily on the arm of a big leather chair.

"Yes."

"Tired?"

"Very."

"Why do you work so late at night?"

"Why do you?"

"You have enough money," she answered musingly.

"Haven't you enough of the things you work for?"

She did not answer—knew, perhaps, that no answer was expected—but gazed thoughtfully into the fire, which streaked her hair with gold, and brought out her profile as sharply as if cut in marble.

"Horace," she began at the end of her revery, "if the chapel is to be free from debt by dedication day—as I promised Bishop Addenbrook, if he would come to dedicate it—I fear we shall have to increase our subscription. Would you be willing to give a thousand dollars more?"

"Yes."

No more was said, and she shortly bade him good-night. But at the door she paused, as from an afterthought, with her hand on the knob.

"You are a good husband," she said.

"A good provider, I suppose you mean," he murmured, with a short laugh.

She slowly returned, with perfect tranquillity, and placed her slender, erect form before him, with her hands clasped girlishly behind her back. Her eyes curiously searched out his.

"Do you feel that way?" she asked.

"I have long felt that way," he answered sternly. "I feel that I occupy much the same position in this household as the woman who cooks the meals and the man who saws the wood. I supply the food, and Mattie cooks it; I supply the wood, and Jake saws it. I am the man who cleans and oils the money-machine. In your eyes, if I do not do you an injustice, my occupation is little nobler than a sausage-grinder's. My life's work, bequeathed me by my father and grandfather—the development of a great industry—has no value in your eyes, is of no interest to you. Were I a miner, delving a thousand feet deep in the damps of earth, you could not hold yourself more aloof from my place of work."

Her eyes opened a little wider, and once there was a little inrush of breath at the lips, as if for a denial. But after he had finished it was a moment before she spoke; then she merely said quietly, "I am very sorry," and withdrew.

It was an inevitable declaration—the crash of the deadened trees, years after the girdling. Yet the man regretted his words. It was not quite manly, quite dignified, thus to assault a woman. But what hurt him most, perhaps, was the feeling that his outburst had been no surprise, no shock to her. She had apparently been waiting for it, as it were; had discounted it months before; had been ready to answer it, in her own way; and was, probably, now glad that the unpleasant little scene was over with. Henceforth their relations would be more sharply defined. There would be less necessity for posing and masking.

He did not see his wife at breakfast—seldom did, any more; and he ate his dinner and supper at a little restaurant near the works. It had been a hard day for him. He had been closeted for hours with a group of well-dressed, substantial-looking gentlemen, of rather grave demeanor, who had come out from the city that morning. As a result of this conference King resolved to tell his wife some things which, he felt, she had a right to know.

As he neared the house, about ten o'clock, its unusual illumination and the sound of music reminded him, for the first time since morning, of Clara's party. She was punctilious in the matter of her husband's appearance at her social functions—as wives of strained domestic relations are apt to be—but he was too tired now, and too distressed mentally, to think of dressing at this late hour. Therefore he slipped in the back way. The kitchen was crowded with extra help, and in a turmoil over the preparation of refreshments, so that his entrance was scarcely observed; but he had not been in his room many minutes before a respectful knock announced their young dining-room girl, with a tray of tea and toast.

"I thought you might be hungry, Mr. King," said she.

King fancied she wished him to understand that she and not Mrs. King was the author of the kindness. But there was no danger of his entertaining any misapprehension on that score. It had been several years since Clara had shown any care in anticipating his little wants.

After the sound of the guests rustling by his door to their chambers had ceased, and the house had grown still, King ventured down the hall to Clara's room, with the sinister intelligence of his financial condition upon his lips. The room was empty. But a light still burned below, and he turned thither. Halfway down the thickly-carpeted steps, he paused at the murmur of voices; and through an archway he caught a glimpse of Anthony Verner, a painter of whose "immortal" pictures some seven thousand dollars' worth hung in his wife's gallery, and who had been the chief guest of the evening. The man's next words were distinctly audible to King:

"No, I shall never marry. Why should I burden myself with a wife? A man of my type is not adapted to the hearthstone. I consider that I have a mission in the world fully as sacred as the rearing of a family, and one which a family would sadly interfere with."

Silence followed; Verner luxuriously inhaled and exhaled a cloud of smoke; then Clara's voice came plaintively to the man on the stairs:

"Ah, men are so free! A woman *must* marry, or join the throng on the treadmill."

For a moment King, there in the gloom, stared steadily, almost ominously, at the suave, long-haired gentleman who was too celestial for domestic ties, and had injected his miasmatic opinion into another man's wife. Then he cautiously reascended the stairs, entered his room and locked the door.

II

ONE of the pleasures, if not the greatest, which Mrs. King anticipated in connection with the dedication of the chapel was the entertaining of Bishop Addenbrook in her home. Yet her first glimpse of the bishop was a grievous disappointment. He was very large—indeed, huge—with a front so swollen as constantly to threaten the buttons of his double-breasted black frock; he was bull-necked and florid-faced; his hair was short, red and curly; and he had freckled, hairy hands of gladiatorial breadth and thickness. Doctor Crossy, trotting at his side, looked like a pygmy, and would certainly have been classified by a scientist from Mars as belonging to a distinct species.

The bishop's taurine masculinity, in fact, repelled his dainty, spirituelle hostess. She liked slender men, of a scholastic pallor and rather languid demeanor. Yet a woman can seldom hold out long against authority. Bishop Addenbrook was a dignitary in Clara's church, and on his recent trip around the world had been notably honored in England; in matters of art his word was law for a wide circle; and his private library was famous. Therefore, at, perhaps, the third glance from his fine, commanding blue eye, accompanied by the silvery bugle-note of his trained voice, Clara surrendered. And any secret doubts which she might still have harbored as to his artistic keenness were abandoned ten minutes after she had conducted him to her treasured library and gallery.

Yet he made her cheeks burn with his blunt condemnation of many of her pictures, and particularly hard on her was he when he came to Verner's corner.

"A man without a heart!" he sniffed with a flourish of his big hand. "*Art* is what he paints, not life. His world is the world of pictures, not the world of men and women, consecrated with blood and tears. A breath of real life would kill him as quickly as carbonic acid gas kills a rabbit under a glass jar."

"But, Bishop Addenbrook!" protested the young woman, half-stunned at this onslaught. "Surely his fidelity in color and line——"

"Fidelity fiddlesticks!" roared the bishop, making the room fairly ring, but ending with his whole-souled, irresistible laugh. "A dollar-and-a-half camera has fidelity. But why say more, my dear young woman? The public buys his pictures at a good round figure; he rides in an automobile. That settles it. But don't you let him fool *you* again. Don't you dare! Now, do you know what I have looked forward to seeing in Kingston, even more than these fine books and pictures?"

He paused effectively, with one paternal hand upon Doctor Crossy's sloping shoulder and the other on Clara's.

"It's your husband's factory. When I was away off there in Cape Colony—and feeling a mite homesick, if the truth must be told!—I one day saw, to my astonishment, a black man riding on a sulky plow. Yes, a sulky plow, when I had imagined that they were still plowing with a forked stick in South Africa! And on the red beam of

"And Brer Rabbit Called Out to Brer Fox, 'Bawn and Bred in a Brer-Patch!'"

that plow, in black letters, was the name 'King Implement Company, U. S. A.' I was proud to tell the governor of that colony, madam, that Mr. King lived in my diocese. But I didn't confess to him, mark you, that I had never seen Mr. King's great plant. I was ashamed to do that. So I want to see it now. I want to see the genius who keeps it going."

He paused, with his all-embracing smile, after this pretty compliment to a pretty woman, emitted his breath with a whistling sound, and tapped his rotund chest.

"Do you ever pause to think, madam—but of course you do—what a blessing your husband has been to the world? Compare that sulky plow with a forked stick—how many more furrows it will turn in a day, how much deeper they will be, how much taller the corn will grow, how many more dollars the crop will bring! Because of that plow, how many more shoes for his children and comforts for his wife can that black man buy; and eventually, let us hope, books and pictures, as good for him as these are good for you! Isn't that a poetical thought?"

"It is, indeed," observed the little rector deferentially. "I should love to go through the—the manufactory myself."

The bishop transfixed his underling with a nonchalant, half-amused, yet peculiarly disturbing glance.

"Crossy, have you been coming here for two years without seeing that plant?"

"I fear I must plead guilty, bishop," answered Crossy with a sickly smile, but plainly not relishing his superior's badgering.

The bishop turned to Clara in his leonine, yet tender, chivalric manner

"Mrs. King, why haven't you taken him by the ear and led him through your husband's plant? His sermons would have been the better for it, I can assure you."

It was only play, yet for all that Clara's thin skin was suddenly suffused with blood; and it would have cost her something to confess at that moment that it had been years since she herself had visited her husband's factory.

After this she was not surprised at the bishop's instantly attaching himself to her husband, when the latter appeared for lunch, and opening a rapid fire of questions. She was surprised, though, at the manner in which Horace expanded in return; for with Doctor Crossy, whom she entertained fortnightly, he was as taciturn as an oyster, and had a particular aversion to the little rector's swiftly mumbled, unintelligible grace at the table. Now, with the bishop listening deferentially, his words flowed with the vivacity and volume of a brook just released from winter ice; and when the former broached the matter of a visit to the plant, King promptly offered to share his buggy with him.

"But we are all going—your wife, Crossy and I!" exclaimed the bishop.

King shot a covert, amused glance at Clara. Her eyes were humbly fixed upon her plate, but her wavy lovelocks did not quite conceal the unusual rosiness of her ear.

At the office the party paused until King could dispose of a man who waited to see him. On the wall hung a large lithographed landscape, with a stack of wheat, a threshing machine and a traction engine in the foreground. In one corner was a small inset, showing a group of men flailing out grain on a barn floor. A companion piece represented a self-binder at work in a field, and its inset was a gang of harvesters bending over their cradles.

Doctor Crossy, gazing vacuously at these highly-colored and rather crude works of art, was on the point of perpetrating a witticism at the expense of Horace King's artistic taste, as compared with his wife's. Lucky it was for him that his inspiration came a second too late!

"That's it!" exclaimed the bishop, in his resonant voice, for he, too, had been studying the pictures. "The 'Old Way' and the 'New Way'! There are my Cape Colony feelings all imaged out. Old Nature's tremendous dynamics neatly harnessed and at work, saving the aching, breaking backs of humanity for higher and holier tasks! Of course, the artists won't give up the man with the cradle—he is too picturesque. But for every sheaf laid up by that panting, sweat-blinded cradler, that dapper man on the binder will lay up a hundred."

He paused impressively; then his twinkling eye forecast a pleasantry.

"Speaking of artists, Mrs. King, your husband is one of the greatest I have ever met. Money is not the inspiration of a production like that, although money happens to be the measure of its success. No, no! It's the wheat of the world, billow upon billow, waiting to be garnered into sheaves. As your husband works, I doubt not it is a scene like this which lies before his inner eye. He touches the picture here, he touches it there; not with a brush, but with tools; and he lays on, not pigments, but a crank, a sprocket-wheel, a cam, a valve, until at last, instead of a reap-hook, we have *this*. And in the background there—though we can't see them—are a little church, a little schoolhouse, homes, children, laughter, carriages, music, trips to Europe, culture. Yes! That binder, that threshing machine, is a piece of art, a creation, and none but an artistic soul could have brought it forth."

"Very finely put, bishop," observed the rector. "Of course, I don't understand that you mean, as a prosaic matter of fact, that Mr. King himself ever invented or wrought out any part of that machine."

"Prosaic grandmothers!" shouted the bishop. "I told you this was poetry—the highest form of truth on earth. Mr. King has done more than invent and work out. He is the soul of a body to which other men are the heads and hands. He has kept the breath of life in skilled mechanics while they have invented for him. He has given clothes

"No, I Shall Never Marry. Why Should I Burden Myself with a Wife?"

and homes and wives to a thousand other men while they put into solid and enduring form the dreams of these inventors—for what is an invention worth unless a man full of faith and courage, with money in his pocket, comes along to give it tangibility? Finally, he has scattered these tangible forms, these machines, to the four quarters of the globe. He has kept a vast and complicated system in equilibrium. He has brought in a pile of lumber and steel at one end and turned out a threshing machine at the other, and made it *pay*, so that he was encouraged to turn out a second, a third, a hundredth, a thousandth. That's genius. For what is it that makes that machine worth more to the world than all the material and inventive thought and skilled and unskilled labor which have gone into it? Madam," and he gravely removed his broad-brimmed hat and touched his forehead, "the gray matter behind your husband's brow."

The bishop's words seemed less and less extravagant to Clara as the various departments of the plant passed in review—the furnaces, the traveling cranes, the lathes, engines and wood-working machines; the men in the foundry, naked to their waists, and glistening like porpoises; the bedaubed men in the paint-shop, the grimy mechanics at the drills.

When she, a bride, had first gone through the works, her immature, constant thought was: "*He* owns all this." But to-day a small voice seemed to whisper: "All this owns *him*." Once she had said to Horace complainingly, "Your business owns you." Now it appeared, according to the bishop, that she had paid him a compliment. Had she any share in that compliment? Could she say, "The business owns *us*"? No. She had not served these working-men and these farmers of the world; she had not lain awake of nights for them; she had not given up vacations; she had not denied herself pleasure.

Nor was this expected of a woman, perhaps. But what had she done? A malicious little imp had whispered in her ear while the bishop talked, "Your husband has worked for humanity, but he *thought* he was working for himself." Even if that were true—and no doubt Horace had not been without his rewards—what had she done that wasn't for *herself*? Was not her sleepless search for that elusive thing called Culture merely a striving to bring within the compass of her own body and soul, in a compact and seizable form, that which lay diffused throughout the world? The song of birds, the unfolding of leaves, the clouds, rain, learning, the rise of nations, the building of cities, birth, marriage, death, religion—these things and their ultimate meaning were what her frail hand had greedily clutched at, as a babe reaches for the moon.

Such were her reflections as she drove slowly homeward, after leaving the bishop and his little satellite at the railroad station. She walked wearily, drearily, through her cherished quarters, the library and gallery. Their charm was gone. They were toys for which she had played truant from the school of life. They had stolen her heart from her husband and from her child. With a smothered sob she threw herself upon a couch and let the bitter tears flow—the first that had wet her cheeks in a long time.

"And yet—and yet," she sobbed, "I did my best! By the light I carried my path seemed the straight and narrow way!"

Then whispered the small voice again: "Behold, a new torch hath been put in your hand!"

III

THE next afternoon, reviving a long-abandoned custom, she drove to the office for her husband. On the bridge she met a column of men just released from the factory—an army in overalls, accoutred with dinner-pails; boys whose excess of life still permitted them, after the day's work, to run and play; men in the prime of life, tired but steady-going; grayheads, bent and weary. Yet they looked to her less like "dumb, driven cattle" than they ever had before. The driven beast was the man who appeared at the office door, with something like surprise at her summons, and said: "Clara, I can't go yet. I'm sorry, but I have some very important work to do. I'll take a bite down here, and be up about ten."

Tears of disappointment stood in her eyes as she drove away. Yet she had hardly expected him to meet her changed attitude, or even to detect it. How could he? She had shown him but one side of herself for so long! He would probably be slow to see that she had turned about, and she would have to be very patient in opening his eyes. She yearned to go to his arms, literally, to lay her head upon his shoulder, open her heart to him, explain away the ugly past, assure him, with tears in her eyes, that she was still worthy of his love, and still desired it, and then receive his kiss of forgiveness.

But that was a dream not quickly to be realized. They were no longer children. No such easy reconciliation was possible between a man and a woman who, though husband and wife, had long since abandoned the offices of love, and had allowed the sacred altar-flame to flicker out for want of oil. No, the task before her was nothing less than the refilling of that lamp and the sweeping and putting in order of that shrine.

She approached the precious undertaking eagerly yet fearfully. She was as shy of her husband as when she was a maiden. For all her dreams she could not have summoned courage to embrace him; and had she done so the effect might have been premature and disastrous. There were some things which she could do, though. She got up regularly for breakfast and poured his coffee, as formerly. She spent more time in his reading-room, and one night ventured to bring in a book of her own. She called almost every day for him at the office. When a good excuse for discharging little Esther's nurse arrived, she took the child into her own keeping. She ceased inflicting unwelcome guests upon her husband. Yet through it all, puzzled as she knew he must be, she dropped no word or glance to betray her beneficent designs. She was to win fairly; she was not going to let him give her the game because she was a woman.

In time King's frozen affections began to thaw. But he, too, was shy. One night when he and Clara had

(Continued on Page 22)

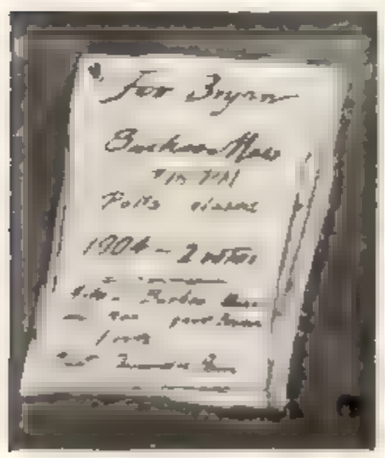
Great Men and Their Neighbors

BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

William Jennings Bryan

IT WAS a solemn hour when the Amalgamated Association of Bryan Whirlwinders met, on the day after election in 1900, at the Lindell Hotel in Lincoln, Nebraska. All of the newspaper correspondents who made up the Amalgamated Association had whirlwinded with Mr. Bryan through twenty-two States in the campaign that closed the day before, most of them had whirligigged with him in 1896, and a few had been along on some of the smaller tornadoes of the intervening years.

"The time and the hour had came," quoting the immortal words of George Pusey Gray at the Indianapolis Gold Convention, to take some action. For four years and more the Amalgamated Association had spoken of Bryan as The Peerless Leader, or The Peerless for short, had written of him as The Peerless, and had known him by no other title. We had seen the frenzied crowds that lined the streets, jammed the railroad stations and made the public halls bulge. Reading the election returns with him on the night before, we had, for a second time, learned the sickening truth that only a small proportion of the proletariat vote as they shout. Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law, the Amalgamated Association expunged the title, The Peerless, wiped it out, cast it into the limbo of forgotten things, and voted to make it The Cheerless thereafter, until more propitious days.



A Great Bryan Gain

Bryan didn't care, for Bryan has a sense of humor as keen as any man. That afternoon after election he had telephoned to Richard L. Metcalfe, of the Omaha World-Herald, to come over and have a talk with him. Metcalfe is one of Bryan's closest friends, and he had dropped into Lincoln on the day before election to see how The Peerless felt—he was The Peerless then, you know. The house was filled with people, the porch was crowded and the lawn covered with hangers-on who wanted a final word with the candidate, who were trying to get a promise, or who had tales of valiant support to tell in hope of future reward. Metcalfe tried to get in, but couldn't. The eager patriots overran the place. He left, after an hour's battle with the crowd.

"Come over this afternoon," telephoned Bryan. "I want to have a long talk with you. I have many things to tell you."

"All right," Metcalfe replied. "I'll come on the four-o'clock train."

"And, say, Met," said Bryan, just before he rang off, "you won't have any trouble getting in to-day."

Bryan thought he would be elected in 1896. He was cock-sure of it. On the night before election, at the Paxton Hotel, in Omaha, a friend came to his room.

"W. J.," he said, "I come, after all the captains and the generals have gone, to tell you you won't be elected to-morrow. I know what all this crowd has been saying, but I am truthful with you. You haven't got a chance."

"Oh, yes, I have," Bryan replied buoyantly. "I am going to be elected."

"No," insisted the friend, "you are not. They have beaten you. I think Mrs. Bryan will bear me out."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bryan; "I think you are right."

"Now, see here," laughed Bryan, "I have a great respect for the opinions of you two, the greatest in the world, but you are both wrong for once. I shall be elected. You come around to-morrow night at this time."

In 1900 this same friend thought Bryan would be elected. He figured on the "silent vote." There was no silent vote, as it happened. It was a vociferous anti-Bryan vote and it didn't care who knew it. Bryan wasn't so sure in this campaign. He had been at the game longer and did not mistake the enthusiasm of the crowd that greeted him for anything more stable than noise.

On election afternoon he rode downtown on his big, black horse to get a new hat. While he was in the hat store a bulletin from some little town in Massachusetts, where the voting closed at two o'clock, was handed to him. It showed a great Bryan gain over 1896. Bryan made no comment. That night the returns began coming in while he was at supper. They were unfavorable. Bryan was happy as a lark. He joked and told stories and kept it up until about eight o'clock, when he had a telephone message from a friend in Omaha that the indications were that he had been beaten again.

"I am very tired," he said, turning to the correspondents who were waiting with him in the library. "I think I'll take a nap."

And went upstairs, took off his coat, laid down on a bed with his little girl in his arms and was asleep in five minutes. At eleven o'clock it was certain he was beaten. The Eastern newspapers wanted a few words from him. James C. Dahlman, his close friend and manager of his tour, was sent upstairs to wake him.

"I can't do it, gentlemen," said Dahlman. "He's sleeping there like a child."

"But you must," insisted the correspondents. "We must have something for the papers, and it is very late now."

Dahlman went back and waked Bryan. The Peerless put on his coat and came down. Every man there was his personal friend, and, although many of them were Republicans, all were sorry for his defeat. Bryan walked into the room as calmly as if nothing had happened to him. So far as his outward expression went there was nothing to indicate that he had, for the second time, lost the highest office in the world. He shook hands with everybody, made a little, good-natured, sensible speech, blaming nobody, and saying something gracious about President McKinley, his opponent, told a funny story and went back to bed. Next day they said at the house that he was asleep again as soon as he could undress and get into bed, and he slept until late in the day without waking. There have been a good many game losers in this country's history, but none gamer than William Jennings Bryan.

The Bryan Post Card

Eleven years ago Bryan put Lincoln on the map, but Lincoln has only lately returned the compliment. Lincoln is a Republican city, hidebound and copper-riveted. It is a typical capital, full of stir and bustle when the Legislature is in session, and somnolent as Rip Van Winkle when there is nothing going on at the Statehouse. Bryan has never been able to do much in local politics, even if he desired to, for the Lincoln people have rather prided themselves on not being led away from their ancient faith by the popularity or conspicuousness of their greatest citizen. It was all well enough for other places to get up and howl about Bryan. Lincoln was calm and dispassionate.

The Round Table and the Frozen Democrat

A Typical Nebraskan Welcome

When Bryan came home from Chicago in 1896 Lincoln rather outdid herself in showing her indifference to any man who would take a nomination from the Democratic party. As Bryan came up the street from the station in his carriage, a long row of men on the curb, acting at a given signal, unrolled pictures of McKinley and shook them at Bryan. On the way to his house there were scores of places where Bryan's picture was displayed in windows upside down. These little neighborly pleasantries continued for a long time. Lincoln simply would not let Bryan know he was much. A prophet, you know, and Lincoln took Bryan to be the rankest kind of a prophet.

Still, even Lincoln outgrew all this. The principal souvenir postal-cards now on sale there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and their home, Fairview. After Bryan lost in 1900 the feeling softened somewhat, and on his return from his unsuccessful fight at St. Louis in 1904 there were evidences of faint geniality. Lincoln did not warm up half through, however, until Bryan came back last fall from his trip around the world. Then he made a speech at the auditorium, full of fun and scarcely political, although it was to be a campaign-closing political speech. Lincoln people say there were several hundred residents of the city in the auditorium that night who had never heard Bryan speak before, and who had prided themselves on it, like the merchant on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, who has been there for forty years and has never seen the Congressional Library nor been at the Capitol since 1865.

Lincoln's lagging enthusiasm may have been prodded a bit by the reception given Mr. Bryan in New York on his return from his trip around the world, and the fact that Lincoln has a Democratic mayor now may have had something to do with it. At any rate, rumors of a vile plot on the part of Omaha to steal Mr. Bryan from Lincoln on that occasion began to circulate, and Mayor Brown spun around like a pinwheel. Omaha has a Democratic mayor, also—James C. Dahlman, close friend of Bryan. It was told in Lincoln that Dahlman had his plans all laid to go to the train, kidnap Bryan and give him his home-coming Nebraska welcome there. The thing looked reasonable. Bryan is good-natured, and Dahlman is a most desperate man when engaged in an enterprise of this kind.

Mayor Brown galloped back and forth between the telegraph offices and the city hall. He summoned councils of the leading citizens. Omaha was not going to get the glory of extending the glad Nebraska hand to Bryan, not by a long shot. After much perturbation and many consultations, Mayor Brown sent this telegram to Bryan in New York and duplicated it half a dozen times to every stopping-place between the docks and Omaha: "Make no arrangements that will interfere with your real home-coming at Lincoln. We are your people, and we demand our rights."

Now, Bryan does not live in Lincoln at present. He lives on a farm about three miles out, near a little village called Normal. Uncle Jake Wolf, of Normal, heard of all the row in Lincoln and came on to see what was going on. He heard of Mayor Brown's telegram. "Huh," said Uncle Jake; "this little city of Lincoln has got a nerve, claiming Bryan for a resident there! No matter what he used to be, I'll stop that."

So Uncle Jake went over to the telegraph office and wrote a telegram himself. "Dear Bill," he wired, "make no arrangements that will interfere with your real home-coming at Normal, where you live. What's Lincoln?"

Although Lincoln has capitulated and Normal is dead-set for Bryan, there has been no surrender in the Round Table—no, siree! The Round Table knows what is what, you may believe, and the Round Table lets no fleeting popularity alter its imposing course. The mere fact that Bryan has been twice a candidate for the Presidency cuts no figure with the Round Table. That organization goes on its way, unswerving and unswayed.

The Round Table is the literary aristocracy of Lincoln. If you do not belong to the Round Table you are unclassified and outclassed. The best thought of the city, the makers for the uplift, the bright minds are all concentrated there, and it requires most extraordinary efforts to break into that sacred circle—especially if the person who wants to break in is a Democrat. The Round Table is strictly non-partisan, but it has leanings, not to say bendings, toward the Republican party. Most of its members are Republicans, and nearly every Democrat in Lincoln who has any claim to culture has been frozen at its portals and never thawed out. There are Democrats in the Round Table, several of them, but nobody can explain why. A Democrat was taken in a short time ago, and it caused talk

"Mr. O'Brien will sphake" he shouted

in all the upper circles of Lincoln for weeks. Somehow, the man who does the objecting to Democrats did not object, and the others were so amazed at his acquiescence that they saw another follower of Bryan walk unchallenged into the fold before they could rouse themselves.

The Round Table discusses social, political and economic questions. The plan is this: Regular meetings are held at the houses of members, who serve dinner. A member is assigned to write a paper, and he is chairman of the evening by virtue of that fact. After the dinner the man with the paper reads it and then calls on the other members to discuss what he has said, to tear his arguments to pieces and rip him up generally. The other members go gleefully to the task, and, at times, the slaughter is terrific.

Mr. Bryan is a member of the Round Table. He got in years ago, before he became so famous a Democrat. He entertains the Round Table at his home, reads papers and takes part in the discussions whenever he is in the city. Rather clever as a debater, he has, at times, made it uncomfortable for his opponents, but the Round Table has never bowed its head to his talents. Not while life lasts! The Round Table does not recognize any Democrat as worthy of any special consideration, no matter what he may be able to do, and there are certain members of the organization that have felt for years that it has been beneath their dignity to allow Bryan to get the honors in any discussion.

They have tried valiantly and usually they have come to croppers. After many weeks of earnest and extended discussion it was decided that, as men of sense, it must be admitted that, perhaps, Bryan was the readiest debater, that being his business, and that preparation must be made to discomfort him, to unhorse him, so to speak. The Great Plan was born at that moment. Mr. Bryan was to entertain the Round Table at Fairview, his country home. One member was to read a paper on "Asset Currency." He is one of the ablest bankers in Nebraska and knew all about his subject. Still, he thought it might be well to call in the leading lawyer of Lincoln, to talk it over. There was no sense in reading a paper, and then having Mr. Bryan tear it to tatters, while other members of the Round Table sat by, willing to pay a hundred dollars for a suitable come-back.

The Great Plan developed. Others came in. "Asset Currency" was discussed in all its phases, and those who were let into the plan were given various features to study. On the night of the meeting at Mr. Bryan's house the Round Table went out, smiling complacently and loaded, as it were, for bear. Here was the exact moment when William Jennings Bryan was to get his. The Round Table would show him a few things.

Dinner was eaten and cigars lighted. The member read his paper. It was a sizzler. It seemed as if he was preparing Mr. Bryan for cultivation by the Campbell method of dry farming by the way he harrowed and subsoiled and pulverized him. It was a historical occasion, you may be very sure. Then the lawyer went into action. He took what was left of Mr. Bryan and lacerated and macerated the fragments until even the most hardened Republicans in the Round Table shuddered. Others followed and spoke their pieces. The Cheerless Leader was being butchered to make a Round Table holiday. It all worked out beautifully. The arguments fitted. They were conclusive. The teamwork was excellent. Nobody failed.

Finally, it came Mr. Bryan's turn to reply. The Round Table folks watched him rise with a feeling between pity and sorrow. It was so palpable he was done for. Bryan spoke for a short time. He commented on the unanimity of the opposition. He complimented the various speakers. He put forth some of his ideas blandly and mildly. Then he said: "Of course, gentlemen, as I am host it would hardly do for me to go further," and the guests began to think very hard.

Normal is a mere hamlet. There is a little Methodist church there that Mr. Bryan attends, although he is a Presbyterian. When he got back from his trip around the world he brought little mementoes from the Holy Land for everybody in the church. One man who is a peanut-eater, and thus in close sympathy with Bryan, who eats many peanuts himself,

(Concluded on Page 25)

Where the Opportunities Are

By JAS. H. COLLINS

"AMERICA means opportunity," said Emerson. Our Concord sage never wearied of casting horoscopes for this vast, unexploited continent. He was our supreme optimist, and America's future had, for him, no discernible limits, whether you wanted to express it in terms of the spirit or terms of tonnage. Is the continent so very much more crowded than in his time? Population has nearly quadrupled. Manufactures have increased tenfold. Wealth per capita has more than quadrupled since 1860, and farm products show an enormous increase. Natural resources have been developed prodigally. Yet is the country too densely populated anywhere outside the few larger cities?

Few Americans Realize What Opportunities Exist in Her Territory for the Farmer

Looking at the Opportunity question in the geographical sense, this continent seems very far from being played out.

During the past four decades our expansion of energy has been straight westward. Yet the centre of population has moved only one hundred and fifty miles since 1860, and is still two hundred and fifty miles from the Mississippi. At the present rate of advance it will not touch the river before the year 2000.

"Go West, young man," is a better axiom to-day than when Greeley formulated it a generation ago. Split the nation into three sections, with the Mississippi and Ohio rivers as dividing lines. Call these sections the East, the West and the South. One-half our population is in the East, and the other half evenly divided by the West and South. The East, however, has ten billions of our manufacturing output, while the West has only two and a third billions, and the South one and three-fourths billion.

Now, where the trusts get in their ablest work is in the compact East. Give a healthy industrial a large central plant in New York City or vicinity, and it often has more potential business than it can take care of. The tariff wall protects it against European competition. Fuel is near by, and perhaps raw material. The haul to market is short, and everything is lovely.

But west of the Mississippi, and often south of the Ohio, that same trust may very largely cease from troubling the independent manufacturer. It lives, likely enough, on tariff advantages that will one day, sooner or later, be abolished. The independent manufacturer across the Mississippi, however, has a form of protection as strong as the tariff, and one that must always continue—freight rates. Nor do the railroads haul goods to the South for nothing. Manufacturing must extend westward and southward with population. The pressure is already being felt in the State on the extreme east, Massachusetts, which is farthest from raw materials and fuel, and now seeking tariff reductions that will give her materials more cheaply.

The far West must not only supply her own people, but has the Orient in which to build markets. As for the South, no mind can at present forecast her future as a manufacturing centre when the Panama Canal opens world-markets west and south. The East has the advantage of long-established industries. But she also faces tariff changes and the competition of Europe.

After forty years of development the West is to-day more eager for men than at any time in her history, and offers opportunities vastly better than were to be found in her rough pioneering period. If a likely-looking man steps off the train in any community west of the Missouri he is immediately approached as a probable addition to the population. If he can be persuaded to take out his baggage and stay, the community feels that it has secured a valuable asset—most Western communities are joyous if he only promises to come back sometime. Railroads, State and city officials, boards of trade and chambers of commerce all through the West and Southwest have, for the past five years, systematically hunted citizens. It makes little odds what a young man wants to engage in out there. From farming to high finance, a thousand commercial organizations and a dozen great railroad systems tapping this territory will lay before him definite schedules of waiting places. If a manufacturer wishes to move his plant or start a new one, they will help him finance his project, furnish a site, give him remission of taxes, hunt raw materials and labor, and move heaven and earth in his behalf. In fact, this eagerness for industries has bred a mean variety of swindler, who moves a bogus factory about the country for the bonuses there are in it—or did, until his little game was exposed.

A good deal of talk has been heard the past three years about emigration of Americans to Canada in search of opportunities in her great new wheat region. The Canadian Government has found it fine business policy to encourage this talk. There are opportunities over the line, plenty of them, and our neighbors have drawn fully two hundred thousand home-seekers from Yankeeland since the wheat boom started. The thoughtful American, however, can only wish more power to Canada's elbow in this development. Our maturer industrial system has drawn Canada's best blood for years. At the last census we had one resident of Canadian birth in each seventy persons of our population. Pretty nearly one-sixth of Canada's sons and daughters were on this side the line.

Uncle Sam still has a few farms for sale at reasonable terms. There are more than eight hundred million acres of unappropriated, unreserved public lands in this country, or enough to give a quarter-section to five million more farmers. Is it good land? Some of it must be, for the sales of Government lands during the fiscal year 1906 were fourth largest of any year since 1888—which was the largest in our history. Railroads and private owners have millions of acres additional. With irrigation and the new semi-arid farming, a man who wants to acquire land will have as good a chance as in pioneering days, and with infinitely less hardships.

"Go South, young man," is a new axiom waiting for some Greeley to come along and appropriate it. The neglect of the South since the Civil War is a curious illustration of how superficially we have peopled this continent. The East has gained seventeen millions of population since 1870, and the West thirteen millions—more than two hundred per cent.

But the South has gained but a little more than eight millions, a large proportion of which is negro population, and has been almost wholly cut off from our life-giving tide of foreign immigration, notwithstanding its favorable location on the Atlantic seaboard. It has never had any manufactures to speak of—lack of them did as much to defeat the Confederacy as Northern armies or the Union blockade. What reconstruction under Abraham Lincoln might have been we can only conjecture. It is certain that for forty years one vast, rich corner of this nation has been permitted to run to seed.

But When We Want Something Artistic We Go to Monsieur

But to-day the South is reviving. She has cotton, metals, timber, fuel. Her railroads are being extended and improved. She has cleared good profits on several recent crops, swung into the currents of immigration, and is becoming a rival of the West in seeking population and industries. Dixie's future is bright. She will furnish an ample outlet for energy for at least a generation to come. Her transformation is so recent that few Americans realize to-day what opportunities exist in her territory for the farmer and merchant, manufacturer and capitalist. She has a large perespective for the man who is looking far into the future. She has also a tangible opportunity for the man who wants one this afternoon, and a dozen Southern cities will help him find it through correspondence. So, from the geographical standpoint, there still appears to be plenty of standing-room on this continent.

But what if the youngster be devoid of pioneering spirit? What if he would rather remain in the East than post off to some growing State?

In this event, too, the outlook is large. If he refuses to isolate himself from grand opera and metropolitan gossip, however, he must pay a tax in superior ability. His opportunity lies, not in getting in on the ground floor of some growing community, but in amplifying civilization somewhere and carrying it a step further. How this is to be accomplished is best demonstrated by an inquiry into our manufacturing status. Application of the principles to retail trade and other lines will be fairly obvious.

Andrew Carnegie was the first blast-furnace owner to hire a chemist. He had to go to Germany to get one, and was widely ridiculed as a schoolman and a theorist.

To-day, of course, the industrial chemist is a commonplace—even the manufacturer who burns a considerable quantity of coal regards him as essential.

If some present-day Carnegie were to establish an art department in his steel plant, he would undoubtedly create a good deal more amusement than did the Laird of Skibo with his chemist a generation since. And yet we need artists more acutely in our industries now than chemists were needed then. Furthermore, we are likely to have them. Art is still under the stigma of the long-haired tradition with us. But our manufacturers will one day learn that long hair is a non-essential in art, just as they learned that a chemist was not necessarily an eccentric individual who burned off his whiskers as fast as they grew and blew out the windows every other afternoon.

If a Likely-Looking Man Steps Off the Train in Any Community West of the Missouri He is Immediately Approached as a Probable Addition to the Population

We have no difficulty in making anything light, strong, quick, big or in immense quantities. But when it comes to anything graceful, or original in design, or of XXXX quality, we frequently have to correspond with Europe, particularly France. Our French cousins are in very much the same predicament as Massachusetts. They have little fuel, no oil or natural gas, meagre facilities for generating power by waterfalls, no cotton or other great staples. Of twenty great staples, for instance, we hold first place in ten, and second place in one more. Even Germany has first place in sugar and second place in rye, pig iron and steel. But France holds even second place in none. She has a heavy debt and a costly army and navy.

Yet France stands fourth in world commerce, exporting a billion dollars' worth, and we bought of her last year nearly half as much as we exported ourselves to all countries, raw and manufactured. French goods go into every market in the world, right over the highest tariff walls, largely on their quality or artistic merits. We do very well when it comes to manufacturing things on the "unit" plan, in great quantities. But when we want something artistic we go to Monsieur.

France has for generations fostered art and subsidized artists. The cumulative results are apparent in her merchandise, which is superlative, not alone in the æsthetic sense, but for what it brings in all markets in hard money. With us, when a textile, or wall-paper, or any other manufacturer into whose product design enters, wishes to develop it in this direction, what does he do? Takes the steamer for Europe to buy from commercial designers there, or to study in the museums, or to attend auctions and pick up old textiles for their suggestions—the raw material of design. He will have difficulty in getting even the raw material here. It remained for an Irishman, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, of the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, to establish the first collection of such material

If He Refuses to Isolate Himself from Grand Opera and Metropolitan Gossip, However, He Must Pay a Tax in Superior Ability

with manufacturers in mind. He saw the possibilities of future development.

Not long ago in the pages of this magazine there was told the story of American cravat-silk industry's beginnings. When our weavers had succeeded in making these fabrics, however, there was still the problem of getting designs that would equal those of Europe. The Yankee manufacturers solved it out of hand. They purchased pieces of the imported silks in single-yard lengths and copied the designs bodily—a trifle of competitive tactics that still rankles more bitterly in Europe, it is said, than the loss of trade itself. We still import thousands of yards of cravat silks, partly for quality, but more for the artistic ornamentation woven into their textures.

American taste has made enormous advances the past generation. We are passing out of the era when front parlors were ornamented with wax flowers, a framed coffin-plate and some of the handiwork of the "paper king" at the dime museum. Colleges and public schools are sending out graduates with better notions of such things. Our artists had hard work to live a generation ago. But to-day there is an artistic public. That public which, when, last winter, a little three-hundred-year-old Oriental prayer-rug, with a red centre, was put up at auction in New York, broke into applause—*that* part of it is necessarily small. But the great public follows along behind, and, from the commercial standpoint, demand grows far ahead of taste, because it grows by imitation.

We have the demand, and we have the artists. So careful an authority as the London Times said, not long ago, of American artists: "As we saw in the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and as we can gather from their illustrations in the widely-circulated American magazines, their artists are a rapidly-increasing body, keen in intelligence, quick in acquiring the mastery of their craft, and full of ambition." The "Thunderer" also said nice things about our development in architecture—nicer than we are willing to say ourselves, critically. From the public schools of New York City, spurred by a little intelligent sympathy and competent instruction, has lately been developed a guild that does work of high merit in design, modeling, chasing, enameling, etching and precious-stone setting.

Here are the demand and the supply, and the two must inevitably come together for the improvement of our manufactures. The manufacturer who brings them together is going to be right in the foremost files of development. We have run price competition to the point where the modern trust had to step in. Now we are going to compete on quality and artistic merit, which can probably never be brought under concentration tactics. Our commercial design is thoughtless, and savors of the stencil and jig-saw. But when something new and good comes along it is quickly put on a commercial basis, as with Mission furniture. Much has been said of the soulless product of the machine. But those who rail against it seem to altogether overlook the fact that the machine merely copies, and that the true problem is to give artistic stuff at the machine's lower prices.

In some lines we are obviously at a disadvantage, because Europe's long-established industries make competition difficult; in artistic bottles, for example, it is said that our manufacturers cannot compete with the Austrian. But in hundreds of lines there are opportunities.

Oregon is a long way from the woolen centre of this country. The weaving of blankets is a staple industry, with prices long ago narrowed by competition. A man who would have gone five years ago to an Eastern blanket manufacturer and proposed setting up a mill in Oregon to sell to Eastern markets would have got only acute pity. But in an Oregon town a man *did* set up a blanket mill, and it was for a time one of the most promising establishments in that whole trade. It began with a trip to the far West for health, and the man who did it was an experienced woolen weaver. He did it entirely on a little originality in design. Noting that the demand for Indian blankets was very large, he conceived the idea of setting up a mill for copying such blankets, using Oregon wool, and selling them frankly as copies to people who could not afford or obtain originals. Capital was raised out there with the aid of a newspaper publisher who saw the point. The mill was started, and Indians employed to aid in designing. A little advertising of the product brought ample orders at good prices direct from the public. Soon the product began to make its way into retail stores, and in two years a flourishing, growing industry was established. Then it received a check that emphasized more than anything else the vital way in which it was grounded on ideas and personality. For the founder had gone to Oregon for his health, and he died.

(Concluded on Page 37)

Art is Still Under the Stigma of the Long-Haired Tradition with Us

A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP

By Edward Salisbury Field

XVII

AS I SPUN along the Jericho Pike, I thought of the first time I had seen Marian, at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue. What a strange place for one's romance to begin; in front of a drug store, too! Stranger still for one's romance to end in the Sixty-sixth Street police station. It sounded uncommonly sordid. But it was true, all except the ending part. My romance hadn't ended. No, sir; it had only just begun. The next time I saw Marian (Jimmie Redmond must manage that part) it would be in somebody's drawing-room, where we could talk to each other like Christians, where I could explain away the fiction of Bill Snow (poor Bill Snow!) and appear in my true character—a devoted and adoring William Snowden.

She might snub me unmercifully at first; she probably would, but she'd have to give in sooner or later; I couldn't bear, I wouldn't bear, her not loving me. She simply had to love me. Here it was the fifth of May. If we could only be married in June, that would be perfect. We'd go to the St. Lawrence, of course; we'd make the trip in the very car I was driving; we'd spend the summer on my island—the nicest island in the whole "Thousand," by George!—and we'd invite Aunt Elizabeth, and Tou-tou, the black poodle, to spend September with us.

So I dreamed my dreams while the speedometer ticked off the miles.

It wasn't till I had reached Krug's Corner that I realized I was hungry. As I was heading for no place in particular, I might as well stop there for luncheon. Krug's Corner! That's where Jimmie Redmond and I had had that delicious cup of coffee, the morning of the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Mighty early in the morning it was, too, long before sunup. I'd try a pot of their coffee now. Awful dissipation, to drink coffee at noon; but why shouldn't I dissipate? Lots of fellows, in my place, would have started drowning their sorrows in champagne, right after breakfast. Still, sorrows, as a rule, didn't drown easily; they had a horrid way of bubbling to the surface and leering at a fellow over the rim of his glass. Besides, Bill Snow was safe, sane and conservative on the drink question. No, I'd order coffee, and a broiled squab, and a nice salad that I'd dress myself.

I ran my car into one of Krug's sheds, and with the switch-plug safe in my pocket (the switch-plug I had stolen at The Abbey, by the way) I entered Krug's dining-room and seated myself at one of Krug's tables. A Krug waiter glided in with a Krug *menu* in his hand, and took my order. I then dived into my pocket for my cigar-case. It wasn't there. It wasn't in any of my pockets. I'd come off without it.

A sickening presentiment now crept over me that, in the unprecedented excitement of the morning, Collins had failed to transfer any of my belongings from the pockets of the clothes I had worn the previous evening. Such, alas proved to be the case! My wallet was missing, my keys were missing, my check-book was missing, and, worst of all, I hadn't a single, solitary sou. Of my valuables, only my watch remained; that being the one article I was in the habit of looking after myself.

How in thunder had I got across the Williamsburg Bridge? How had I managed to dig up that dime? I had found it in the pocket of my dust-coat, of course. Cursing Collins for an addle-pated imbecile, I now turned to my dust-coat as a last resort.

There were three pockets: two large ones and a small one. Pocket number one held a box of matches and a cotter-pin; pocket number two held a pair of goggles and a silk handkerchief; pocket number three held—certainly there was something in it! A nickel, a penny, a second penny, and—that was all.

Seven cents! Seven miserable, measly cents! Not enough to pay for a telephone message to Manhattan. Not even enough to take me across the Bridge. I'd have to run back to Brooklyn and pawn something; my watch ought to be good for fifty at the very least, and, if worst came to worst, there were my gas-lamps. I suddenly remembered the dollar sewed tight in my waistcoat pocket—the dollar I couldn't spend—Marian's dollar. It was too utterly absurd!

Jimmie

I beckoned to my waiter who was hovering in the distance. "I sha'n't want anything to eat," I said.

"But, sir, it's already ordered."

"Cancel the order, then."

"I'm afraid it's too late, sir."

"Look here," I said, "I've come off without any money."

"Oh, that's all right, sir! I'm sure if you'd speak to the proprietor ——"

"I don't feel like explaining things to proprietors," I demurred.

"I hope you won't think me bold, sir, but I'd be very glad to accommodate you myself."

I was, however, in no mood to accept favors from anybody. "While I appreciate your offer, and am no end obliged, I must insist on your canceling the order if possible," I said.

He returned from the kitchen, a moment later, with success written on his face. "It's all right, sir," he assured me.

"You've been uncommonly decent about it," I said, "and I sha'n't forget it."

"Oh, that was nothing!" he protested. "We all has our ups and downs, sir."

He helped me into my dust-coat and bowed me to the door, did this prince of waiters, and as I walked toward the shed that sheltered my car, I felt more at peace with the world than I had for some time. To be sure, I was still hungry, but the memory of that unexpected kindness was worth a dozen luncheons. One day I'd return to Krug's Corner with a pocketful of money, and show that waiter I appreciated what he'd done for me, by George!

XVIII

AS I BACKED out from Krug's shed into the Jericho Pike, I wondered what I should do next. The thought of returning to Brooklyn was distasteful to a degree. Let me see, I could run over to Hempstead, or, in the opposite direction, to Port Washington, or I could—— But what a goose I'd

been to forget Roslyn—Roslyn, and Primrose Court, and Tom Studliegh and Mrs. Tom! It was only a half-hour's run, at most. Come to think of it, I had had a note from Mrs. Tom inviting me down for the week-end, and to-day was Saturday, of course.

That made it bad again; there were bound to be other guests. Still, Mrs. Tom never had many people down for over Sunday. I could run over and see how the land lay; if I didn't like the looks of things, I needn't stay. Also, I could telephone to Collins from there, and have him bring me my things—clothes and check-book. Best of all, I could borrow what money I needed from Tom.

I didn't need money half so much as I needed sympathy, though. Yes, sympathy was what William Snowden needed most just now—sympathy and advice. I could count on dear old Tom for advice. Oh, rather! And Mrs. Tom would be sympathetic, and kind, and motherly in a nice way; she'd make a fuss over me, and ask me all about Marian, too. That's what I really wanted: to talk to somebody about Marian, and to have somebody pat me on the head and tell me I was a silly, sentimental young thing. I wanted something to eat, too.

Roslyn it was, then—Primrose Court with a hop, skip and a jump. Toot! Toot!

What matter if I was arrested for speeding? Tom could bail me out. What's the use of having six cylinders if a fellow isn't allowed to enjoy them? One might as well own a one-cylinder car!

The faster I flew, the more recklessly defiant I became. I didn't care if Mrs. Tom had forty guests stopping with her; I didn't care if every single one of them had read about my arrest in the Dispatch; further, I didn't care a continental for anybody's opinion of me—except Marian's, of course—and, further still, I never would. In this enviable frame of mind, I passed the Lodge and turned into the avenue leading to Primrose Court.

The Lodge, by the way, was an exact copy of one adorning Lord Wimbleton's Hertfordshire estate. Indeed, Primrose Court, stables, kennels and all, had been cribbed from that worthy gentleman's possessions.

Not that Wimbleton minded it. He and Tom were thick as thieves, and it made him feel "deuced comfortable to visit a place where a fellah can find his way about with his eyes shut, don'tcher know?"

Good old Tom, with his hothouses full of orchids (Lord Wimbleton collected orchids) with his sheep-infested lawns ("a bally nuisance, sheep, but you ought to see Wimbleton's!"), and his picture-gallery full of bogus Old Masters! How often have I called him a silly copy-cat, and begged Wimbleton to build a garage at Wimbleton Towers, so that Tom might feel at liberty to add one to his ten-year-old ancestral pile.

But Lord Wimbleton couldn't afford garages; he could hardly afford to keep up Wimbleton Towers. As for Tom, Tom insisted that his stables were good enough for the best automobile ever built, and if he risked setting them on fire, his guests could, too. Besides, there wasn't any risk. If any one thought there was, he'd show them his insurance policies with their special gasoline clause.

So I glided along the main avenue of Tom's imported paradise, dodging three Southdown sheep and a wicked old ram, and tooting vindictively at the screaming peacocks on the terraces.

Should I stop under the *porte-cochère*, or make a dash for the stables? Should I enter the house by the front door, a side door or a back door? (Fortunately, all the servants knew me, and would extend me the courtesy of the coal chute, if I insisted upon it.) Or should I send one of the grooms to Tom with a note?

Bah! What a coward I was getting to be! I'd stop under the *porte-cochère* like any other invited, self-respecting guest. I'd pay my respects to my hostess first, and attend to driving my car to the stables afterward. Passing a last mournful, expatriated sheep, I emerged into full view of Primrose Court.

A friendly shout welcomed me from the terrace in front of the house. Two automobiles blocked the entrance to the *porte-cochère*.

"You're just in time, Billy," called Mrs. Tom, as, changing my course, I drew up within easy range. "We're all going over to the Country Club for tea."

"There's a match on," announced Tom.

"How's the mad young millionaire to-day?" inquired fat Sam Partridge.

"Cut it, Sam," commanded Mrs. Badminton-Eckles. "He sha'n't tease you, Billy."

"You've got to tell me all about it," said pretty, blond Mrs. Willie Hemington.

"Everybody confides in Mrs. Willie," declared Jack Vernon, her callow admirer.

"Except Willie," I reminded him.

"Stop fighting, Billy," said Mrs. Tom. "If you want to be decent, you can wait here for the primping young lady and the fastidious young man who are delaying our departure. We're late enough as it is."

At a Safe Distance I Set Her Down, Then Turned Abruptly

"I'm frightfully hungry," I objected, "and I want to telephone to Collins. I came off without any clothes."

"But you can telephone from the club."

"All right," I said; "I'll do it."

"By-by, Billy."

"By-by, folkses."

"See you later, old man."

"Don't forgot to order tea for me," I called after them. "I say, whom am I waiting for, anyway?"

"Whom do you suppose?" asked young Vernon, who was tagging along after Mrs. Willie Hemington.

"I'm no mind-reader," I answered testily.

"Don't be a bear, Billy," said Mrs. Tom. "You're waiting for Jimmie Redmond."

"Jimmie Redmond!" I cried.

"And a pretty girl from San Francisco," interrupted Sam Partridge.

"Maybe you've met her," said Mrs. Tom. "She's the niece of an old friend of mother's. Her name's Standish—Marian Standish."

XIX

MARIAN STANDISH at Primrose Court!

At first I could neither believe my ears nor credit my good fortune. It seemed too wonderful to be true. It *was* too wonderful to be true. Yet Mrs. Tom was not the sort to kindle false hopes. Maybe it was true, after all.

How like Jimmie to bob up at this time—at this time of all others. I only hoped he would appear on the terrace before Marian did.

No, by George, I hoped Marian would appear first!

It would be frightfully embarrassing without Jimmie to help explain things, though. Come to think of it, I had never been properly introduced to Marian; I could hardly manage that by myself. It was common-sense, then, to wish that Jimmie would show up first.

No, it wasn't, either.

Yes, it was, too.

What I wished most at that moment, if you want the truth, was that I could cut and run. You may despise me for a coward, if you will, but the idea of facing Marian after all that had happened—What would she say to me? Would she say anything? How, in Heaven's name, was I to explain things, if she refused to speak to me? She might very well refuse to speak to me. She would be entirely justified in refusing. No doubt, she would refuse.

On the whole, I much preferred that Jimmie should appear first. Not that a preference of mine counted for anything. It was up to Fate, now, and she would pull whichever string she saw fit.

It was quite out of my calculations that Fate could pull two strings at once, and when, a moment later, the front door swung open and Jimmie and Marian stepped out on the terrace together, I was too completely taken by surprise to do more than sit still and stare, with the word "Astonishment" written all over me.

Not that I was the only still, staring and astonished young person; there were two others on the terrace, equally still, equally staring, equally astonished. And one of them was a Goddess, a dear, bewitching slip of a Goddess, and the other was an Oaf, a grimacing, imbecile young Oaf who desolated the landscape by his presence.

How long William Snowden sat and stared at the Oaf and the Goddess, how long the Oaf and the Goddess stood and stared at William Snowden, I don't pretend to know. In justice to the Oaf, I must admit that it was he, after all, who saved the situation. The Oaf laughed—a Heaven-born laugh for which I blessed him then, for which I shall always bless him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he roared. "Well, if this isn't the best ever! Ha! ha! ha!"

"I'm glad to afford you amusement," I said, glancing at Marian, who was smiling—yes, actually smiling!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jimmie. "What are you doing here, Billy Snowden?"

"I'm here, by Mrs. Tom's orders, to take her two tardy guests to the Country Club," I explained.

"He's here to take us to the Country Club," giggled Jimmie.

Suddenly remembering my manners, I clambered down from the car and removed my cap. "I hope to have that honor," I said.

Having established this splendid precedent of politeness, I now waited for Jimmie to remember his manners. It took him some time, I'll be bound. Indeed, I began to fear that he would never remember them—worse still, that he had none to remember. When at last he did give me the chance to admit that I'd never had the honor of meeting Miss Standish, instead of looking pleased, his eyebrows actually disappeared into his hat with surprise.

"Why, I thought of course you knew each other," he blundered.

It was no end embarrassing all around, and I hastily changed the subject. "Mrs. Tom will never forgive me if you fail to show up at the Country Club," I said

"That's so," said Jimmie; "I'd forgotten all about the Country Club. Shall we let Mr. Snowden drive us over, Miss Standish?"

"I see no reason why we shouldn't," she replied.

"Of course, if Mr. Redmond doesn't care to go——" I began.

"Oh, I'm going!" said Jimmie. "Don't worry. Miss Standish and I will sit in the tonneau."

Inwardly cursing Jimmie for an officious little devil, I cranked viciously, then, climbing into my seat in front, swung the car sharply around. In another moment my passengers were safe in the tonneau. Once more Marian was going ride-a-by with Bill Snow—with Jimmie Redmond too, worse luck!

I was on the point of throwing in the clutch when Jimmie asked if I hadn't a rug of some sort.

No, I hadn't a rug.

"But, my dear fellow, Miss Standish will freeze to death without one."

It was a beautifully warm afternoon; nevertheless Jimmie quite unceremoniously bolted for the house. As he passed me, he winked—at least, I thought he winked.

"I'll be back with a rug in forty shakes!" he called from the terrace, before disappearing into the house.

Would you believe that it took twenty of those forty shakes for me to realize what it was Jimmie had meant by that wink? Why, the dear, good, thoughtful fellow had even shut the tonneau door before leaving! Here was my chance, the chance for which I had prayed so fervently. Here it was at last, a gift from the gods—and Jimmie Redmond.

With my heart in my mouth, I speeded up my engine and threw in my clutch. Hurrah, we were off!

I glanced behind me at Marian's startled face; at Jimmie, who, having emerged from the house, was dancing a war-dance on the terrace.

A moment later we whizzed past the lodge and into a road that did not lead to the Country Club.

XX

IN THE exhilaration of the moment, I felt as brave as a lion. Marian safe in the tonneau, Bill Snow at the wheel, what more could I ask? The road, unlike the course of true love, stretched before us smooth as glass; the coils hummed merrily to a six-cylinder accompaniment.

There is no music more pleasing to the ear, it seems to me, than this music of coil and cylinder. Even so, the music is monotonous, you say. Why not vary it, then? You wish a change in *tempo*? Certainly. A sextet of cylinders will obey the throttle as readily as your trained musician obeys his conductor's baton; one can manage a

beautiful *crescendo* whenever one pleases; an artistic *diminuendo* may be introduced at any moment. If it is your desire to climb yonder hill *pianissimo*, try the third speed; if you prefer to mount it *fortissimo*, engage the second speed and the muffler cut-out.

But enough of these musician-like maunderings! Let us return to the road stretching before us smooth as glass, to Marian in the tonneau, to Bill Snow at the wheel.

Except that I should have very much preferred having Marian on the front seat beside me, my happiness was complete, till I fell to wondering how she was taking it; what she was thinking. Was she angry?

At this stage my courage deserted me completely; I wasn't a brave lion at all—I was a lamb, a timid, cowardly lamb. By Jove, I mustn't show it, though! I'd glance over my shoulder at the next telegraph pole and see for myself how she was taking it. I passed that pole, and the next, and the next—in all, I counted thirty-three poles—and still I lacked the requisite courage.

Perhaps I'd manage it when I reached that tree yonder. I throttled down the engine so as not to reach the tree too quickly; I passed the tree, only to discover, alas, that the courage I sought was not roosting in its branches

Well, if I couldn't be courageous, I could at least be reckless. I'd stop the car, by George! That's what I'd do. I'd stop it now, this minute. I'd pull to the side of the road under that big beech.

A turn to the right, out clutch, down brake, a kick for the switch! There we were, safe and snug, with a canopy of leaves overhead to shelter us from the sun, and a dead engine for a chaperon. Now to look into Marian's eyes — to explain, to plead, to placate. Trembling with eagerness and apprehension, I faced squarely about.

I didn't speak first, she didn't speak first; nobody spoke first. Perhaps you, yourself, have suddenly become tongue-tied in the presence of Love? Perhaps you understand perfectly the silence of that moment?

Be that as it may. I had faced about prepared to find an angry Marian, a haughty Marian, an indignant Marian. But the silence that followed was neither the silence of embarrassment nor of self-conscious love. It was the silence of despair. For the face I sought was missing, the door was open, the tonneau was empty. My prisoner had escaped.

XXI

AT FIRST I would not believe it. Marian gone? The tonneau empty? Impossible! When had she left the car? What a reckless thing to do! Why, she might have broken her neck! I stepped into the middle of the road and peered anxiously in the direction from which I had just come. No sign of her anywhere.

I remembered now that I had slowed down while trying to gather courage to glance over my shoulder. She must have escaped then. I couldn't have been going more than six miles an hour at the time. Why in thunder hadn't I glanced over my shoulder? It served me jolly well right for being such a coward.

I jumped into the car and threw in the switch. Would she take the spark without cranking? She ought to; there should be plenty of gas in the cylinders. Just listen to that!

In spite of my anxiety, I could not help but feel a glow of satisfaction. It wasn't every car that would take the spark at the throw of the switch. No, there were mighty few that would, no matter what the conditions. Wallie Stuart's wouldn't. Neither would Larry Sullivan's.

Not that that made any difference, now. I'd willingly trade my car for a penny whistle if I could only find Marian. But that was foolish; I must find her; there were no "if's" about it.

She would walk back to Primrose Court, of course, and I could easily overtake her before she reached there. Perhaps she'd hail the first wagon that passed, and ask for a lift. No wagons were passing just now, thank goodness! The road was clear as far as I could see.

I began to wonder if I'd recognize the tree I had approached at six miles an hour. There was no end of trees bordering the road. This particular one stood rather by itself, if I remembered rightly. Yonder was a solitary tree. I wasn't approaching it six miles an hour, either; I was making nearer sixty.

Hullo! What was that?

I jammed home both brakes like lightning, but I had been going too fast; I couldn't pull up in ten yards, nor yet in twenty. It took me a good forty before I dared risk turning around.

Once faced about, I approached the tree, stopping short at its base. For, lo, I had found Marian. There she was, sitting on a boulder beside the tree.

So she hadn't run away, after all. Why hadn't she? Maybe she had sprained her ankle? If she had, I'd never forgive myself—never! That was it, of course: she *had* sprained her ankle.

I now hurriedly descended from the car. "You are hurt!" I cried in accents of real distress

She looked up at me in the most adorable way possible "No, I am not hurt," she replied coldly.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"I'm so glad—so very glad! And now you'll allow me to explain everything, won't you?"

"Thank You, but I Prefer to Walk"

"I don't think I care to listen to explanations just now, Mr. Snowden."

"Oh, but you must allow me to explain!"

"Really, Mr. Snowden ——"

"You see it was like this: Jimmie Redmond and I were coming in from Ardsley, and Jimmie got a speck of dust in his eye, so we stopped at the drug store, and ——"

"Please don't bother," she interrupted.

"It's no bother," I said. "And while Jimmie was in the drug store having his eye attended to ——"

"I must beg you to excuse me, Mr. Snowden."

"Oh, but I simply have to explain how it happened!"

"It isn't necessary, I assure you."

"Then I'll skip that part, if you wish. Now, about the police station, and my getting arrested, and ——"

"I'd much prefer that you'd skip that part, too."

"Oh, but I've simply got to explain! If a fellow can't explain, how is he ever to set things right?"

"Really, Mr. Snowden!"

"You're offended with me," I said; "I know you are."

"Is that so unreasonable of me?"

"You wouldn't have got out of the car while it was moving, if you hadn't been," I continued.

"I was led to believe that you intended taking me to the Country Club, Mr. Snowden."

"I know," I said. "I acted abominably. But if you'd let me explain —— Do you believe in love at first sight?"

She gave me a quick look, then rose hastily and stood beside me

"I'm not in the humor to listen to explanations this afternoon," she said.

"But that explains everything," I returned triumphantly. "You see ——"

"I'm ready to return to Primrose Court," she interrupted.

"You see, I loved you from the very first, and ——"

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Snowden."

With that she turned on her heel and started down the road

"Oh, I say!" I protested. "Aren't you going to let me drive you back?"

"I prefer to walk, thank you."

Then I'd walk, too. But maybe she'd relent? On the whole, wouldn't it be better to climb into the car and follow along, ready to give her a lift when she got over being angry with me?

Yes, that seemed the best plan I'd feel like an awful pig, riding while she walked. But why shouldn't I feel like a pig?

XXII

MARIAN in her trim boots marching defiantly toward Primrose Court, Bill Snow following timidly in his eleven-thousand-dollar imported automobile—it was a picture to make the angels weep. Indeed, had it clouded up and rained teardrops from Heaven, just then, I shouldn't have been a bit surprised.

"If Jimmie Redmond could only see us now!" I thought.

I was mighty glad he couldn't see us, though. Maybe if I was very humble and abject, Marian would listen to reason, would give me another chance. There was no doubt about my being humble; I was as meek as Moses. If the meek ever did inherit the earth, I'd come in for most of Long Island, by George! And I'd trade my whole inheritance for one smile from Marian—one fleeting, friendly smile.

I drew a little nearer still nearer. I was beside her.

"Won't you *please* allow me to drive you to Primrose Court?" I asked.

"Thank you, but I prefer to walk."

"It's a good three miles," I urged.

She walked on in silence.

"Isn't there something I can do or say to make you forgive me, Miss Standish?"

No answer.

"I would do anything in the world," I continued.

Still no answer.

"Anything in the world," I repeated dismally.

"You might leave me," she suggested.

"Anything but that!" I cried.

"It looks perfectly foolish to have you tagging along after me in an automobile."

"I'm past caring for looks," I said.

"I'm not," she replied.

"If you'd only let me explain," I pleaded.

Silence.

"It wouldn't take five minutes."

Silence.

"And then you'd understand."

Silence.

More silence.

"Miss Standish!"

She stopped short.

(Concluded on Page 28)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Life Insurance Without the Agents

ONE person in every four in the United States carries life insurance, either "ordinary" or "industrial." The yearly life-insurance income reaches six hundred and fifty million dollars. Much the largest charge against this income goes to the agency force. With "industrial" insurance, where the agent visits the house weekly to collect the premium, expenses eat up forty cents of every dollar the insured pays in.

Obviously, people ought to insure themselves voluntarily, and save this enormous tax. But will they? They never have done so. The experience of the Equitable of England is cited. It employs no agents. The large returns to its policy-holders seem to justify all claims for the no-agent system. But last year this company wrote only 262 new policies. Long ago Canada provided very cheap life insurance for civil-service employees, with no provision for agents. At the last report, out of six thousand employees only 159 had taken out this insurance.

Perhaps, the difficulty is traceable to a designedly misleading popular education. A life-insurance company is just a savings-bank. Its true function is to collect from its policy-holders such sums as, with compound interest, will meet the yearly death-claims, the amount of the claims being accurately foreknown from the mortality tables.

It has been presented to the public, however, as a kind of horn-of-plenty device—as though the companies habitually paid more to the insured than they collected from them. A little reflection would show that if they did—interest being taken into account—they would soon go broke. We regret to see that the literature of many of the companies still holds up this false horn-of-plenty idea, instead of teaching people what life insurance really is. We doubt whether the no-agent plan can succeed until there has been a rather broad educational propaganda.

Reciprocity and the Duty Payer

SOMETHING quite wonderful has happened. A reciprocity convention has been negotiated which somebody deems of some importance. The convention referred to is that with Germany.

On its face this is merely the same kind of feeble bluff that our whole reciprocity policy has always been. The duty on one kind of German wine is lowered. A few custom-house regulations are modified. But that it could make any material difference in our tariff relations with Germany nobody dreamed. Otherwise there would have been no convention.

Now, however, come certain excited persons and allege that this convention is so worded that German manufacturers may undervalue their exports to this country—in short, that the duty which we levy on German manufactures may be sensibly lowered.

This is an allegation of dreadful seriousness. We have always been willing to reciprocate with any nation that would lower its duty on our goods fifty per cent. while we increased our duty on its goods by an equal amount. Unfortunately the only nations that would accept this arrangement (such nations being situate in central Africa) haven't enough trade to make it worth while. If, now, somebody has blundered in the way of making a reciprocity treaty which does actually lower our duties a little, there will be trouble.

McKinley, who surely was not inoculated with free-trade heresies, urged reciprocity. The year he was elected for the second time our duties on all imports, free and dutiable combined, amounted to 27.62 per cent. ad valorem, or $3.01 per capita of the population. Last year the duty averaged 24.22 per cent., or $3.49 per capita. In the former year 44.16 per cent. of all imports were free of duty; last year 45.22 per cent. were free. In fine, there has been no lowering of tariff taxes by reciprocity since McKinley recommended it.

Of course, the grand result of our present average tariff on all dutiable imports is to raise the price of domestic manufactures to the home consumer. This is admittedly what the tariff is for. The year of McKinley's second election our stock of manufactured products on hand (exclusive of imported goods) was slightly over six billion dollars, as estimated by the Census Bureau. In 1904 (the date of the last estimate) this had increased to nearly seven and a half billions. It now certainly exceeds eight billions. How much more we home consumers are paying for this product because of the tariff cannot, of course, be even approximately stated.

The Weapon of the Court

OCCASIONALLY arises a man with sufficient temerity to offend that divinity which doth hedge a judge. In a recent judicial campaign out West a newspaper strongly objected to the reëlection of one incumbent, for reasons deduced from his official record. The editor was promptly fined for contempt of court and mulcted in $17,500 damages for injury to the ermined character. In some districts the nominating of an opposition candidate might not be without peril as a constructive contempt of court.

In Kansas the other day a man was judged in contempt and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having filed an affidavit that three judges were in league against him. As this was only one month per judge, he got off lightly. The clerk of the court, according to the press dispatches, was scored for having permitted the affidavit to go on file, while the lawyer who prepared it suffered a "terrific arraignment."

Many of us would find it agreeable, no doubt, to exercise this irresponsible power of taking summary vengeance upon persons who make faces at us. Not being judges, such power is denied us. We shrug our shoulders and go our ways, and, after the spasm of anger is past, find that the grimace didn't really hurt us.

Punishments for contempt should be strictly limited to persons who disobey the orders or obstruct the processes of the court. When a judge uses this power to avenge a merely personal affront his act does not, in our opinion, tend to increase respect for his office or for law. We think, on the contrary, the tendency is exactly in the opposite direction.

The People's Lands and the People

THE Administration's public-land policy is unpopular where most of the public lands lie. We have a memorial, addressed to Forester Pinchot, which represents the average local view. The nub of its argument is that the lands do not belong to the Government; they belong to the people, the Government being merely a trustee, and the trustee has no right to set up barriers between the people and their own lands.

One must have some sympathetic contact with local sentiment to understand how convincing this sounds on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. There are the people—several thousand of them—and there are millions of acres of the people's lands. Shall not the people enter into their own without having to pay grazing fees, and so on, to a lot of officials on the far Potomac?

Those who honestly hold this view would not expect to be permitted to plant onion beds on the White House lawn because that, also, belongs to the people and they are the people. The concept of national ownership of the White House comes easy to them. But an argument that a vast number of citizens on the Atlantic seaboard—even doddering along Broadway and Park Row—are "the people" too, in respect to the ownership of these western lands, is merely confusing and exasperating. Imagine the membership of the New York Stock Exchange being "people" as regards ownership of a cowman's pasturage!

Up to this time, excepting homesteads, whoever has been nearest to a national possession and could loot it first has been "the people." We do not doubt that the Administration's broader view of ownership is overwhelmingly approved east of the Rocky Mountains.

The Jail and the Under-Dog

"FROM now on," says a Western sheriff, "the county jail is going to be a prison, not a reformatory. Prisoners will be treated as criminals."

No doubt the Sheriff spoke in some vexation. The jailer, whose resignation he had accepted in order to give the job to his own nephew, had labored for many years under a sentimental notion that most of the inmates of the jail were merely unfortunate, and had made a national reputation for himself and the institution by so doing. The newspapers had been saying that, under the new régime cocaine and other deleterious substances were finding their way to the cells of some prisoners; which, surely, is enough to put any respectable sheriff in a rather sombre state of mind toward his prisoners.

A majority of the inmates of the jail are there awaiting trial, being too poor and friendless to furnish bail. Others are deprived of liberty because they haven't money to pay the fine which the law would have accepted in full satisfaction for the misdemeanor of which they were convicted. In short, whatever the presumption of the law as to their guilt or innocence may be, an overwhelming majority of the inmates of every city prison are indubitably under-dogs.

Now, there is a type of mind to which this simple classification is all-sufficient, which considers that the only natural and rational thing to do to an under-dog is to bite him. By the laws of Nature, to be bitten is an inherent part of the state of being an under-dog. If it were otherwise, we fancy, some over-dogs would find life scarcely worth living.

Objections to an under-dog treatment of jail inmates would be merely personal if those inmates spent their lives in jail. As it happens, about ninety per cent. of them are set at liberty in a few months. Very many of them, moreover, are young. They are obviously likely to become undesirable citizens about in proportion to the rigor with which the under-dog theory has been applied to them while imprisoned.

A Temporarily Unhappy Family

WE SYMPATHIZE very much with the Chicago press in its deplorable family squabble. Two newspapers, it appears, each having the largest circulation in the United States outside of New York, decided to raise the price of the Sunday edition to seven cents. But a third newspaper insisted upon sticking to the old five-cent price. The coöperation of this third newspaper was deemed essential, because it also enjoyed the largest circulation in the United States outside of New York.

So the first two proposed to strike from their lists such newsdealers as continued to handle the obdurate sheet hoping by this gentle method to enlighten their beloved but misguided contemporary as to the general beauties of the seven-cent schedule. Then certain dealers—peradventure encouraged thereto by the third newspaper—caused the arrest of the publishers of the first two on a charge of conspiring to restrain trade.

In the mutations of local politics it has often been the lot of each of these newspapers to hold the others up to public scorn and obloquy. Occasionally, in especially dyspeptic moments, one or another has alleged that all three could not possibly substantiate the claim of having the largest circulation in the United States outside of New York, hence that the triangle must somewhere contain a statement which did not, in all of its dimensions, exactly square with the truth.

But in all trades mere divergences of opinions over superficial details are common enough, and do not preclude amity. It is only when the difference strikes root-deep and touches the vital question of the price to the consumer and where the middleman shall get off that acute hard feelings arise. In the Chicago instance this bitter strain upon the family tie is all the greater an affliction because various persons who have been editorially lambasted are now chuckling in an unsympathetic and callous manner.

Railway Troubles Abroad

OUR sympathies go out to holders of the common or "ordinary" shares of British railroads. These railroads are capitalized much more per mile than American roads. This is partly because, thanks to the land-owning House of Lords, they were compelled to buy rights-of-way pretty much at the landlord's own figure, and because they were saddled in many cases with immense Parliamentary expenses.

Now the same Parliament talks lower freight-rates, better service and so on. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants demands increased wages. The London Railway News says the increase would cost £7,500,000 a year, and would reduce the average rate of dividend to "ordinary" shareholders from 3.27 per cent.—as it was last year—to about 1.65 per cent. Yet the Amalgamated Servants announce loudly that they want more wages even if the "ordinary" shareholders get only .00165 per cent. a year. The agitators for lower freight-rates take the same unsympathetic view.

In short, while the unhappy position of the "ordinary" shareholder is generally admitted, there appears to be an inhuman disposition to give him no better comfort than cold advice to avoid gold bricks in the future. We know, on this side, how unpalatable is the doctrine that "the risk is upon the buyer" when it works, so to speak, in the house of its friends.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Busy J. B., Jr.

WHEN they remodeled the White House they put some cute little box trees along the tops of the terraces, or wings, or ells, or whatever the things are that stick out on each side, and those box trees constituted about all the set scenery there was around that historic edifice, as the orators in Congress call it, until recently, with the exception, of course, of Major Loeffler, and Secret Service Sloan, and William Loeb endlessly dictating letters and endlessly signing them.

To be sure, Secretary Garfield and Gifford Pinchot and Lawrence O'Murray and Ambassador Jusserand can almost be called set scenery, but not quite. They are scenery in a way, but, owing to some small stress of public business, there are times when they are not on the job. Along about the middle of the latest session of Congress a new piece of scenery arrived, and it's permanent, apparently, although it may be dusted off and put away until after the President returns next fall. When Jonathan Bourne, Junior, of Oregon, was elected Senator he hurried to Washington and camped out at the White House. He soon became one of the regular features. At any time of day Jonathan might be found in the anteroom, waiting patiently for a grab at the Presidential ear. He had figured out, it seemed, that the way for a Senator from the great State of Oregon best to serve that Commonwealth—where they raise strawberries as big as apples and apples as big as strawberries, and eat neither because of the demand from the East—was to get solid at the White House. It appealed to Jonathan that the way to get solid was to be on the spot at all times, ready with advice, information or admiration.

The veracious young men who write what happens at the White House kept tabs on Jonathan after Congress adjourned, news being somewhat slack. They discovered he missed but one day from March 4 until the first of June. Nobody has put out a reasonable explanation for that day. It surely was an oversight and a serious one, for things bogged down amazingly. It didn't seem like the same old place without Jonathan sitting on a sofa with his eagle eye fixed on the door of the President's room, waiting for a glimpse and a chance to whisper a few words of cheer to the Chief Magistrate.

How Doth the Busy Little Bee!

DOUBTLESS, in some pleasant portion of Shadeland, the author of those deathless lines: "How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour," is sitting, surrounded by pop-eyed admirers, and telling how he put it all over the universe with one simple, heartfelt "how doth." He is telling how, with that "how doth," he stamped and labeled the B. L. B. as the eldest and favorite son of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Industrious, and put up the said B. L. B. as a mark for all who have comparisons concerning work-for-the-night-is-coming stunts to shoot at. Presently, some person from Oregon, with an acquaintance in Washington, District of Columbia, will join that select little coterie, and that author will go into retirement.

Pish and two long tushes to "how doth" and the rest of it! The only excuse for not using Jonathan Bourne, Junior, for the type is that there was no Jonathan Bourne, Junior, when the lines were written. It is now time to revise. When it comes to improving the shining hours, and some hours that are not shining but are shines, Jonathan Bourne, Junior, makes the busy little bee look like the gentlemen who have sat on the porch of the Scoville House in Mount Morris, New York, ever since the War and told of the mistakes of Grant, while the ladies of the household were doing the village wash.

Improve the shining hours? Jonathan goes further than that. He improves the shining minutes, improves them with neat little schemes to impress on the President the simple and childlike faith of Jonathan in all Rooseveltian policies; to assure the President that the junior Senator from Oregon is forever under his banner, and that whenever the bell taps the Bourne will be on the spot.

There have been times in Jonathan's life when he was, reluctantly, to be sure, but irrevocably, compelled to disagree with Republican policies. There was that terrible episode in the history of the Pacific Coast when Jonathan whirled steadily throughout Portland and announced that the only salvation of the Nation was encompassed in the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, without the consent of any other nation whatever. There were moments when he saw the money devil in every rosebush in his own fair city. But those times have gone to come no more. Nature and Mark Hanna solved that problem, and Jonathan is returned to the faith of his ancestors and is sitting at the feet of the President during every minute when he can find those feet available and the space thereabout unoccupied.

There are many things a new Senator must learn, and Jonathan is one of the newest we have. Coming from far-off Oregon, from that salubrious section where it always rains when it isn't raining, he has brought with him one or two ideas of his own as to what the preliminary functions of a Senator are. It is his plan to uphold the President's hands, as well as sit at his feet, and he has no doubt whatever that he is acrobat enough to perform both thrilling manœuvres at one and the same time. Nor is he laggard about telling the President about it all. He esteems it an honor to be allowed to swear allegiance four times between dawn and dark each day, and in the still hours of the night he writes a few letters to the White House to remind all concerned that he has not lapsed.

Further than that, to justify to the President his unswerving loyalty and to trumpet to all the world exactly what he thinks of the man whom he adores, Jonathan has developed into the leading Third Term Boomer of the country. "I little reck," says Jonathan, in language that goes on the Pacific Coast—"I little reck what has been said or will be said about the President's refusal to run again. I am speaking for myself alone"—a few marked copies to the White House, please—"and I deem it my duty to say that, despite the President's well-known and sincere determination to retire, the demand for his renomination and triumphant reëlection will not be stilled."

A Solemn Assertion

"I CAST aside all statements that have emanated from quarters known to be unfriendly to the President, and join with his real friends, of whom it is my proudest boast I am one of which, and solemnly assert that the will of the people is paramount. We must have Roosevelt again. I know the temper of the public. I have felt its pulse. He must be renominated, and it shall be did."

And there follow some words of eulogy phrased so delicately, with such modest adjectives as "peerless" and "magnificent" sprinkled through so generously, that when Senator Chester I. Long, of Kansas, and Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, read them they must have retired to some dark corner and cursed the paucity of their own vocabularies.

It matters not what the President may say. It matters not how often the President had reiterated his statement that he will not run, Jonathan Bourne, Junior, has taken the field. He is in charge of the third-term forces. He knows whom the people want and, even if Mr. Roosevelt still refuses, Jonathan will have fought the good fight, and will know that the President knows—if the clippings got through—what he, Jonathan, thinks of him, Theodore.

So, when Jonathan comes to the full glory of his seat in the Senate next December and looks, with beaming eye, on the patriots who will there assemble with him, he will be buoyed with the proud consciousness that in all that body there is not one who has tried harder to gain the friendship of the President, whatever the net results may be—and some of them have tried pretty hard, at that. He will know he has never faltered, that the Executive's wish has been his law, that no task has been too heavy, no rebuff received. His has been a devoted labor. He has brought and carried, rolled over and played dead. All information he has gathered has been at the disposal of the President, freely and gladly given. He has never been too busy to run across and tell what he has heard.

He has improved each shining hour. Do you remember that dinner at which was disclosed the gigantic conspiracy to raise five million dollars to defeat the President's plan and policies and put a reactionary in the White House next time? Well, Jonathan Bourne, Junior, gave that dinner, and the White House was buzzing with it at 7:27 A. M. next day.

Improve each shining hour? He is putting minarets and porte-cochères and mansard roofs on the shining seconds, if anybody should stop an automobile to ask you.

One Function of Prophecy

"ONE of the most valuable bits of advice I ever received," said John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, "came to me from my grandfather after I had been elected to Congress the first time. He wrote: 'John, now that you have been elected to Congress, don't go to prophesying. Prophets are mostly durned fools, and they generally find it out when the event they are prophesying comes to pass.'"

The Only Thing to Do

JIM HANCE is one of the characters who go with the Grand Cañon of Arizona—part of the general plan, so to speak. Jim has a ranch about fourteen miles from the chief hotel, and he comes over there at times to talk to the tourists.

Jim likes to tell stories to the tourists. He thinks he has a copyright on all the tales of the region, and, in fact, considers himself one of the guardians of the cañon.

A woman from Boston was quizzing him one day. "How does it come, Mr. Hance," she asked, "that you never married?"

"Oh," said Jim, "I had a wife once, but I lost her."

"Lost her! How was that?"

"Why," said Jim, shedding a tear, "I married a girl out here and she was the prettiest thing you ever saw. I took her over to the ranch to live, and we were very happy. She always wanted to go down the cañon on my trail, but I kept her from it until one day when she wouldn't be put off no longer. So I took her. I mounted her on a dandy mule and we started. On the way down, just at the worst point, with a narrow trail and a sheer drop of three thousand feet on the other side, a bee stung the mule on the flank. The mule rose up and my wife fell off and over into that awful abyss."

"What happened?" exclaimed the Boston woman.

"Why," said Jim, "my wife fell into the most inaccessible part of the cañon, and it took me two days to get down there. When I did get there I found her. She had broken one of her legs."

"Well?" gasped the Boston woman.

"Oh," said Jim, as he moved away, "of course, I had to shoot her."

From the Same Channel

THE various resignations of Wallace, Shonts and Stevens from the work of the Panama Canal were discussed with much fervor on the Isthmus.

Many reasons have been assigned, but it is the unanimous opinion of the men on the Isthmus that the clerk solved the problem who wrote:

"Great minds run from the same channel!"

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

THE MASTER WORKMAN

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

I WAS lying on a haycock, which was conveniently located under a small damson plum tree. My only occupation was to shake this tree at such intervals as my appetite suggested, until the figure of Mrs. Ross loomed between me and the house.

"Don't you want to come to our Literary Circle in the village this afternoon?" she asked.

As my hostess on the farm, Mrs. Ross was not to be gainsaid, so I regretfully disentangled myself from the hay and went.

The women who were gathered at the circle represented the best intellectual life of the region They were approximately social equals, and typified, I believe, such gatherings in all the towns and villages of the country. The club president, a short, precise, little woman, with a scant supply of fading blond hair, and lips which pursed themselves in her effort at a controlled manner, piloted the meeting safely along, from the quotations from great authors, with which the members answered the roll-call, to the discussion which followed a paper on the Lake Poets.

Perhaps the literary attainments of these women were not of a thorough-going kind; certainly their ideas were of the sort which can be had from an encyclopædia; but they were putting in practice the old American spirit of democracy, for there were no social distinctions among them. There were present the wives of the banker, the doctor, the photographer, the storekeeper, the plumber and the minister. And the president was the wife of the village carpenter. They were survivals of a primitive state of society where work is work, whether of head or hands, and all of it is honorable.

Mr. Schwartz was Everything that was Unskilled in the Paperhanging Business, and Mrs. Schwartz was a Sort of Human Joke

After I had climbed into the top-buggy to go home, Mrs. Ross began to tell me the history of the women.

"Yes, Mrs. Harris—Mary Fawcett, that was—has been our president two years now. And she's the best one we ever had. That's her new house we're just passing—the one with the big maple tree in front. They've been living there more than a year now. You see, Mr. Harris builds a house and they live in it till some one buys it, and then he builds another and they move into that. Mary Harris has had four new houses since she's been married, and she just spends her time planning new ways to put in closet shelves, or to make it easy to get from the kitchen into the pantry. The houses Mr. Harris has built certainly are convenient. Somebody always does want to buy 'em; and I think it's more'n half due to the new things Mary Harris is always thinkin' up for him to put into 'em. Why, she invented a way to have the wood-box open out through the wall so's you can fill it from the outside; and a way to take the ashes out from back of the grate, so's there ain't no reason for spilling them over the hearth. She's a better carpenter than what Mr. Harris is, as far as planning the work goes.

"Mind that 'thank-you-ma'am'! We don't have as many of 'em as we used to, and that wasn't as bad as some, was it? But you don't seem to mind 'em, anyway. They always shake me up so.

"Oh, yes, I was tellin' you about our club ladies. Did you notice the little woman with the yellow gloves?—yes, the fat one. Well, her husband sets type for the Greenvillian News, and they say he can read Greek. I'm glad you met her. She's one of our best-educated ladies. She writes fine papers. The yellow gloves? Oh, well, she always wears 'em—to church and everywhere. I heard the minister's wife when she came to town thought they was not just right, but I don't think any one would dare speak to her about it. And I say if you want to wear yellow gloves, why, *wear* yellow gloves. There ain't nothin' in the Bible that says you sha'n't.

"The lady in the red bonnet? Oh, she's Mrs. Ellerton. Her husband's the plumber. They live in that yellow house next to Mr. Arden's—him that was the banker. Her son's just got married to a girl from New York. You know he went to college there. She's a nice, sensible girl, too, and pretty. When they came back from their wedding trip, Mrs. Ellerton made a big reception for them. Everybody in town was there, and two of the professors and their wives come over from Syracuse, and a regular society lady from Boston. It was the biggest reception that's ever been given in the village.

"Well, it wasn't very long after that Mrs. Harris she thought she'd give a tea. She'd just come back from Rochester, where her married sister is, and she'd been to one there. She invited all the ladies in our church and the members of the Literary Circle and some few others. She divided them up, asking some from two to four, and some from four to six. I heard she told Mrs. Arden that she made two batches of them because her house wasn't big enough. But the ladies didn't like it much—in batches, like biscuits—and every one went around asking which batch you was in.

"Mrs. Horn—her husband's the roadmaster, you know—gave a tea, too. But she didn't send out invitations at all. She just put it in the Greenvillian News, and then nobody got their feelings hurt."

And so Mrs. Ross went on, telling me about the social happenings in the village and the parts the different women had played in them. Mrs. Arden, the banker's wife, went to the reception of Mrs. Ellerton, the wife of the plumber,

Were We Not All Equal in the Eyes of the Lord—Plumbers' Wives or Not?

and neither Mrs. Harris, the wife of the village carpenter, nor Mrs. Mallory, whose husband was minister at the Congregationalist Church, dared criticise the yellow gloves of the typesetter's lady. It was a distinctively American community, keeping, in social matters, to the original American ideals.

But it is only under primitive, economic conditions that differences in industrial standing do not make for social discrimination. The democratic spirit survives only in the small towns, and is absolutely aside from city conditions. How hard the struggle of the master workman's wife to maintain her social position in the city can be my acquaintance with Mrs. Bink showed. I first met her when I was making a round of church calls with my aunt. We had got through a long list of those who belonged both to her church and her social acquaintance, when she decided that we would have just time to call on Mrs. Bink—supposing that lady to be addicted to a seven-o'clock dinner, or to be out.

My aunt had not commented on the social standing of Mrs. Bink, and so I took the pleasant, quiet parlor into which we were ushered rather for granted. It was much like other people's parlors, had the same Oriental rugs, the same green wall-paper, the same chairs, curtains and pictures. But, though it was all so conventional, my aunt looked about as though there might be a black panther concealed under the divan, or an ichthyosaurus on the mantelpiece. I had not time to inquire what was the matter, for Mrs. Bink came in. She was a well-dressed, attractive woman, with beautiful red-gold hair; calm-mannered, too, so that I wondered that my aunt directed the conversation in entirely different channels from those in which it had been running during the afternoon. I listened in vain for the two plays we had seen that week, for to-morrow's orchestra concert, for that perfectly unjustifiable magazine attack on our friend who dealt in sugar, and for certain personal gossip of common acquaintances. Instead, I heard a perfunctory conversation on church activities, not from the intimate standpoint of those whose opinion could retain or dismiss the minister, or whose personal taste must be considered in the musical selections, but from the standpoint of one who was expected to acquiesce and be pleased with whatever of religious or æsthetic sustenance was served to her.

"My dear," said my aunt to me, as she tucked the robe over her knees when we drove away, "of course Mrs. Bink belongs to the church and to the Ladies' Society, but her husband hangs paper, or something. I believe your uncle employed him about the house last spring."

From this I gathered that Mrs. Bink was hardly visible in the social depth below us. But when I talked with a woman who took in washing to "help out," Mrs. Bink seemed to be on a mountain-peak of importance. "Do you see that lady in the pink bonnet?" she said—"the wan going up the sthreet? Well, that's Mrs. Bink—Bink's wife, as is the boss of the big shop on the corner. She is that, an' as pleasant an' amiable a lady as ye'd been wishin' to see. She allers speaks to me as she goes by the place!"

Mr. Bink was, in fact, a master plumber and gasfitter, though my aunt had erroneously connected him with the application of wall-paper. He employed several assistants and journeymen; he was prosperous and able to spend much more money than many of those who considered themselves above him.

But Mrs. Bink was in a difficult social position, created by the false standards of the women with whom she came in contact. She was well-bred, intelligent, well-dressed and well-looking; but she was never given a chance to exhibit her good qualities, because the consciousness of her workman husband was always in the minds of her associates. They called on Mrs. Bink—oh, yes—as my aunt had done. They called on her every year. Was it not their duty as church members? Were we not all equal in the eyes of the Lord—plumbers' wives or not? Does not an eleven-minute call spent in talking

rapidly and constrainedly of external matters produce social equality?

Whenever in any of the homes of the well-to-do women there were church-society affairs—affairs which included everybody—Mrs. Bink was, of course, present—present, and hair-dressed, and gowned with an admirable precision which made those women whose husbands' business was to lose money in stocks, and whose idea of the income of any one engaged in industry was bounded by a dollar a day, wonder how she did it. They had visions of little Katy and Thomas Bink going breakfastless to school that their mother might walk in silk; visions of shivering, fireless nights for her family for each bead in her jet-trimmed cloak. Each egg in the ten-egg cakes, which she was wont to contribute to church dinners, seemed a great extravagance in the eyes of those who knew that a two-egg cake, when eggs cost thirty cents a dozen, was eminently edible. Naturally, because of this, Mrs. Bink's simplest actions were misunderstood; she was kept in a false position.

But there was one characteristic of Mrs. Bink—her decided beauty—which made her conspicuous perforce in a society where the average of good looks was not high. This, however, was an eminence from which the good ladies did their best to dislodge her. During the holidays some Bible tableaux were arranged for the benefit of a charity—I forget what—and all the available picturesque material in the church was utilized to the limit of its possibility—that is, everybody was given a chance to show her good looks, or her good clothes, except Mrs. Bink. I did not make myself popular when I timidly suggested that she would be effective as Jephthah's daughter, and again as Deborah. And, on the night when the tableaux were finally presented, Mrs. Bink was observable only twice—once as an attendant on the Queen of Sheba, a portly matron arrayed in a flowered portière; and again as one of the mob of the Philistines, where Samson was tugging heroically at two cardboard Temple pillars in the foreground. What was art that it should interfere with the logically-inconspicuous position of a plumber's wife?

Mrs. Bink had chosen the harder of the two courses open to her. She had refused to take social rank as the wife of an artisan, and the women of another social level would none of her. She lived in practical isolation. Mrs. William Moore, the wife of an expert floor-finisher, had made the opposite choice under practically the same conditions.

"She's One of Our Best-Educated Ladies. She Writes Fine Papers"

I went to call on her, dressed in black, wearing a long crêpe veil, and fondly believing that I impersonated a carpenter's widow. I had to assume a dead husband lest I should be asked to produce a living one.

In the landing of the tenement where she lived were two bare-armed women, carrying a basket of chips and a bundle of groceries, respectively.

"Moores' kid is bad off," said one.

"It's the stuff the doctor give it at the dispensary. Teeth ain't the things to make it that sick," answered her companion. "Yes, ma'am," she replied to my question, "they live on the top floor. She'll be glad to see you, because her baby's sick."

I wondered if it was my weeds that marked me as a welcome visitor in time of sickness, and went stumblingly up the stairs, the refuse-covered red carpet of which matched the torn wall-paper.

Mrs. Moore received "Mrs. Brown," the carpenter's widow, with calmness, and took her in to see the sick baby. Though this child was somewhat obtrusively occupied in acquiring teeth, I could not agree that "Moores' kid was bad off," especially after it had used my hand as a rubber ring. What I did discover was that it's mother was a poor, drooping creature, frightened at anything.

"He's been havin' internal convulsions all day," she sighed. "He no sooner gets to sleep than he wakes up and cries, and then he gets 'em again. I'm just wore out with him."

She could not have been more than twenty-five, but mentally and physically she was colorless and a-droop, and her home was like her. Her torn flannel dressing-sacque sagged from her shoulders, and from her littered green carpet a Teddy bear, in an attitude of dejection, regarded a cheap, ugly doll in a state of extreme negligee on the sofa. It was all so cheap, so ugly, and oh, so drooping!

Mrs. Moore's conversation was a long, disheartened complaint.

"What do you think?" she whined. "There ain't no place to hang the clothes here but on the roofs. Is it that way in your building? Of course I could hang 'em out in the light-well, but I always think it ain't so good for 'em not to have no fresh air."

"Haven't you got a back porch?" I asked.

"No, ma'am. You see there's four families to the floor, and there ain't no room for porches. Do you have a porch?"

I tremblingly acquiesced.

"Even if there was a porch," she continued disconsolately, "it wouldn't be much more use to me than what the roof is. I can't hang no clothes out when the wind from the factory's blowin' this way, anyhow. It gets 'em all black. When we first come here I didn't know nothin' about the way the wind blew, and I hung a lot o' flannels and such things out, and I declare I ain't been able to get 'em clean since.

"The neighbors has complained. Several in this buildin' has written to the Board o' Health. And then they stopped usin' soft coal for a couple o' days till the inspectors seen it, and then they went on usin' it again."

"Why don't you all complain together?" I asked.

"Oh, they wouldn't do nothin'," she replied dully. "That Board o' Health ain't no good. There's a place where there's a hole in the sidewalk as big as a barrel in the next block. It's been that way two weeks. Oh, no; none o' them Boards ain't no good."

It seemed never to occur to this woman that she could have any function in the State except that of complaint. At last I stemmed the tide of her lament by asking if her husband belonged to the Union.

"He does, Mrs. Brown. An' he just thinks everything of the Union, but I think they's foolish rules they makes. Now, the Union stops him workin' at twelve o'clock on Saturday and won't let him do a stroke till midnight. Then he can begin again if he wants to—lets him work all day Sunday, too. I don't see any sense in that. You know it ain't his time to be very busy yet; but he went out to look for a job this mornin', and he ain't come back. He said if he didn't get somethin' to do, he'd look for rooms and we'd have to move out o' here. But I don't see why—it's most time for him to get work, anyway. An' he's a handy man. He does a lot of odd jobs for the tenants. It's only lately he took up makin' 'parquet' floors. If it wasn't that the Union says you can't be a carpenter and a 'parquet' man, too, he could be gettin' wages all the time.

"Did Mr. Brown have work all the year? What was the number of his Local? Was he sick long? Where was you married? Did you say his name was George?"

As I had neglected to memorize a digest of the mythical George Brown's career before I came, I beat a hasty retreat before these questions.

I could not see that William Moore's home held anything of happiness for him. Certainly it could give him no inspiration. Certainly, also, Master Moore, now cutting his teeth, would not be brought up to become an independent workman. This sort of artisan is vanishing from among the American population, though the idea dies hard that to work for yourself is a noble and admirable thing and to work for others a degrading one. The hardships of this class are due to social limitations alone. The foreign-born carpenter or plumber, however, does not consider himself socially above any other workman. His position is determined by the amount of money he earns, and he is generally prosperous, and his wife is generally happy.

There was, for instance, a delightful little man, with an effect of clean hardness, like a China egg, who, in the intervals of painting woodwork, was quite willing to stop and talk with me.

He had come from France, he told me, when he had learned his trade, and had expected to find in America a chance to get rich by it. But, no! In America any one could be a painter—it was only to take the brush, dip it in the can, put it on the wall—so! (And he splashed white enamel paint over a section of the wall-paper where it was not expected to go.) Did America care that it should be done with art? No! They cared only that it should be done cheap. (And he dropped paint upon the floor.) Ah, it was his wife who had the feeling, the soul, the art! Madame should but see. Why, in their abode there were the pink curtains and the roses on the walls! Yes, and also on the floors! Ah, not the darkness, not the green, the blue, the gray of the Americans. (And he almost wept in his emotion.)

And why had he left France? Ah, Madame, it was his wife. Yes, Madame knew how it was—the women were never to be satisfied! Had Marie not said: "Here it is

The Club President Piloted the Meeting Safely Along

I am but the wife of a painter, and in America I shall be also a lady. See—my Louis shall have much money. He shall have a house for me, and I shall not walk, but ride!"

And so they had come. Well, yes, he had made money. There had not been for them the hard time. A man who knew his work as he did might always earn. (And the brush splashed little white tears over the nearest rug.)

There were the four children, all in the school—all but Henri, who was in the factory to make the electric light.

And he was in the Union. Ah, yes, Madame! It was of a necessity. Marie, she was not pleased that it was so. She thought that he did not earn the grand wages which he should have from all the time he had worked. She thought he had no more than the man who had held the brush but one week—yes! But without the Union it was not possible to get the work in America.

And the strike? Yes, did not Madame remember? It was but four years ago—or was it five?—the Amalgamated Brotherhood made a strike in the spring. Yes. And he had had no work for three months. Then it was Marie had been angry. She had said: "Is there no wall to be paint'? Why, then, do you sit here with the book? To read will not fill the larder!" Marie, she has an eye for the dollars. "Shall I take money from my bank?" she had said. "Who is it says my Louis shall not paint? Is the Union God, to say 'shall' and 'shall not'?"

Ah, it was so. Madame knows a woman cannot understand—she has not the mind!

But he did not leave the Union—no! Should he become a deserter—he—Louis? Besides, there were the pickets—large men of Ireland. Madame sees he is but small. And, yes—he has the prosperity. They have the house—the flat—three stories it is and a store, and on every floor one family. And in the store a shop of the butcher—yes—and themselves on the top floor, because with so many stairs no one will pay the rent. Madame is interested to see? Madame will come? Ah, it is so—Madame honors. He will inform his Marie—ah, Madame!

I found his little French wife a less effusive, more prosaic type than her husband. There were indeed the pink curtains and the roses on the walls and on the carpets, and on the floor a pink-cheeked, chubby baby. Marie showed me through the spotless apartment, and after that begged me to sit down and try her cake and a glass of wine. She seemed a happy, contented little woman, and I gathered that it was largely through her thrift that the prosperity of the painter had come. She told me that every week he gave her his earnings, and that he was very good to her and never asked her how she spent the money.

"He knows that I have more care for the dollars. Louis is a good father, but he does not think that his children must have the school, and my little Aimée something for the marriage. I know that it is not the American custom, but I am still French, and my daughter shall not go to her husband with empty hands."

"A Regular Society Lady from Boston"

I beguiled her to talk about their pleasures and amusements, and found that they went often to the theatre in the top gallery; that they sat at a little table in the summer garden while the band played; and that once during the winter they had been to the opera to see La Bohème.

Unlike Mrs. Bink, Louis' wife was perfectly in harmony with her social position. The mere possession of a silk dress satisfied her; she did not have to wear it to a reception to be happy. It was enough that she had good food and plenty of it; the presence of a banker's wife at her table was not necessary to give it savor. She went to the opera not as Mary Harris or Mrs. Bink might have gone—because it was the thing to do—but because she enjoyed it. In her eyes financial ease meant to be a lady. It did not imply social recognition. Of politics she knew nothing, nor of the labor situation. She had no interest except for her personal concerns. A larger social sense could only be forced upon her by some economic necessity, such as that which had led her to her acceptance of the trade unions.

The Up-Hill Road

It is easier to rise from the master-workman class to a higher one than from the mechanic or industrial classes, and the ability to do this depends far more on the man's power of organization and business ability than on his skill as a workman.

That was the way the Schwartzes came to be contractors. When I first knew them, Mr. Schwartz was everything that was unskilled in the paper-hanging business, and Mrs. Schwartz was a sort of human joke. Of course she did not realize this, being a very serious person, but her little, drawn, ugly face, surmounting her tiny body, had the force of a comic drawing. Mr. Schwartz never became a good paper-hanger, but he developed business ability, and though his wife had the worst taste conceivable to the mind of man, she could make a customer believe that wall-paper showing a mixture of blue roses and pink carrots upon a green ground was a thing so beautiful that he must have it for his drawing-room. The details of the business are vital things to Mrs. Schwartz. She is anything that is needed in the establishment—clerk, salesman, bookkeeper, even paste-mixer. The time was when she urged her husband to join the Union, so that he could get better wages.

Now that he is employing workmen of his own, she is as thoroughly capitalistic as though she were a trust. Considering these things, is it any wonder that Mr. Schwartz is now taking contracts for interior decorating? Like the wife of Louis, the painter, Mrs. Schwartz is chiefly concerned in the success of her own family, but, because they are rising into the employing class, she has more social problems forced upon her than Marie will ever know.

But there is not in either of these women the natural reaching out into community life that I found in Mrs. McGrath. As relict of the late George Brown, carpenter, I could turn the conversation on the school system without difficulty

"Yis, Mrs. Brown," Mrs. McGrath agreed, "I do think as it'd be a great thing for the boys to git a bit o' trainin' in what they'll be doin' all the rest o' their lives—specially if they git the reg'lar school things, too. But it'll be different the way people'll take it. Some'll be for it, and thin, ag'in, some'll be ag'in' it. It's this way with Tommy. (Hold up your head, Tommy. It ain't Mrs. Brown'll be hurtin' ye.) Well, his father don't git the time to be teachin' him carpenter work. An' it'd be a grand thing for the boy if he'd be learnin' the use o' his hands in the school."

"There's talk of teaching the girls cooking and sewing, too," I ventured.

"Is it so? Well, mostly they take to thim things natural-like. Only any girl kin cook if she's got to, and sew, too. A girl's mother kin teach it to her—well, if she ain't got none, as you say—well, I ain't sayin' as you're wrong."

And when it came to politics:

"Yis, it's me for the mayor. He do be doin' the square thing. I know there's thim that thinks the Municipal Ownership min would do more for the people, but I tells McGrath, 'It's in the papers; they're jist as bad as the others, and all o' thim is against the poor man, anyhow.' Mrs. McGowan—that's me cousin—Mrs. McGowan tells McGowan that the Demecrats is rotten, too. But I says, 'Mary McGowan, what do ye be takin' the bread out o' your children's mouths for?—and ye with four o' thim! Ain't McGowan a policeman?' I says. 'You'se ain't no good wife to him'—jist like that. 'You ain't no good wife to him, Mary McGowan,' I says!"

I stayed with Mrs. McGrath till she began to show an unsatisfiable curiosity regarding the late George Brown, when I found it imperative to leave.

The modern industrial system is crushing out the master workman and his wife. Only where it is not fully established, as in the country towns, are they still a natural part of the community. As the work of the master workman is gradually taken away from him to be done by large groups of men, so he himself must become a part of these groups, either as employer or employee. As an independent workman he is only a survival. He is bearing the brunt of the economic side of this change, his wife of the social side. Mrs. Bink's social probation will be over as soon as her husband ceases to work with his own hands and uses only the hands of other people, and the Mrs. Schwartz of the next generation will doubtless develop aspirations which, as a member of a contractor's family, she will be able to satisfy. Mrs. William Moore, Mrs. McGrath, and the wife of Louis, even though they are prosperous, are merging into the employee class and taking their places as mechanics' wives.

Labor for Sale

Although we no longer breed a class of hand-workers in this country, we still receive a ready-made supply from Europe. They are of a different calibre from their American prototypes, and crowd the great receiving floor at Ellis Island, carrying the tools of their trades. Of course, they can know nothing of the conditions into which they are to plunge. They expect the prosperity of much work. They do not foresee the days when they shall wander through the streets of New York looking for a job, or the time when their wives must "wash and clean" to support the children. They certainly have no vision of the "labor market," where many of them gather in hundreds, waiting for some one to hire them. This open square, called Seward Park, is not much different from a slave market, except that there is no one to cry the wares or to direct the buyers. The men themselves can only wait. Rows of carpenters sit upon benches, with saws in their hands and bags of tools beside them. Locksmiths wander aimlessly up and down, with rings of jangling blank keys at their belts, and painters stand with bags of brushes and with pots in which to mix colors. Winter and summer they crowd this "labor market," independent workmen, reduced to the lowest terms. Their training has not fitted them for our conditions, and our community is growing beyond the need of their services.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Bensley upon the environment, characteristics and ideals of the American working-man's wife to-day.

THE BISHOP'S CONVERT

(Continued from Page 11)

ridden home together, and stood by the hall-tree, laying aside their wraps, and she knew—for she was a woman!—that her cheeks were as ruddy as apples and her eyes all aglow, she stepped so close to him before the mirror that her arms, lifted to retouch her wind-blown hair, grazed his face. She fairly trembled at her temerity.

Yet how much more would she have trembled could she have divined the sinking tenderness which suddenly assailed the man at her side. He did not caress her now—dared not. But as they walked down the hall, side by side, he did take the tips of her fingers in his hand, as if unconsciously. She gave him a shy smile in return. Verily they were doing their courtship over again!

One Sunday morning, when she heard him call to the chambermaid for his linen from the laundry, she ran downstairs and got the package herself, and, a little out of breath, carried it to his door.

King was shaving, but he dropped her a grateful, if withal surprised, glance through his lather.

"Shall I put the buttons in?" she asked.

"Please."

She quickly carried his plain little jewel-case to the window, and found the buttons more by touch than sight, so thick were the happy tears.

That year Clara was a delegate to the national convention at Denver of the woman's federated clubs. The honor had not come unsought; she had gone through the usual log-rolling and wire-pulling to get it. But that had been six months before, and when the day came she was loth to start. Somehow, the questions which usually agitated these conventions had shrunk, in her mind, from their colossal proportions, and, somehow, that old, square house on the hill had moved nearer the centre of the universe.

"Oh, but I am a traitor!" she laughed to herself.

King took her hand as the train drew in and murmured, in a peculiar, throaty tone, "Come back as soon as you can." Then, apparently after some hesitation, he quietly kissed her on the cheek.

That kiss burnt her skin for many a mile. It had required courage of him, too, for she had once told him that she regarded "train" and "ship" kisses as in bad form.

As the train passed the works, two men in front of Clara bent to the window.

"Fine plant!" observed one.

"Too fine to keep out of the trust much longer," answered the other with a laugh. "King has made a plucky fight there is an old-fashioned honesty about him that I like. But the odds are a hundred to one against him. They'll pull him down."

Clara smiled, as people on the inside smile at people on the outside. She had heard Horace drop some casual, half-jesting remarks about the fight the trust was making on him, that was how seriously *he* took it. Yet certain facts made the remark which she had just overheard stick in her mind like a bur. Why had her husband laid off two hundred men the week before? Why were there so many long-distance telephone calls of late? Why were so many men, looking more like bankers than salesmen, coming to see her husband, and keeping him up till the small hours of the night? It was foolish, but, after she laid her head upon the pillow, the wheels below fell into a rhythmical, monotonous chant: "A hundred to *one!* A hundred to *one!* A hundred to *one!*"

She had arranged to join the Chicago delegation at St. Louis, which involved a wait there of six hours. As she dallied, alone, over a light luncheon at the Planters', she idly read the morning paper at the side of her plate.

The name "King" finally caught her eye. She paused, merely paused—there were so many Kings. Then she tremulously returned her cup to the saucer. It was *her* King this time, and the dispatch stated that bankruptcy proceedings had been instituted against his company.

Two hours later she was on the train again, speeding east, not west, this time. To herself she denounced the report as a mistake, if not a lie. Bankruptcy would not come thus, like a bolt out of a clear sky. Horace would have given her some warning. Nevertheless her fears persisted.

At Princeton, where she changed cars the next afternoon, it seemed as if the local would never come, although it was only thirty-five minutes late. On this train she recognized several Kingston people; but they did not discover her, and she did not make herself known. What there was to be heard she wanted to hear from her husband's own lips.

Hurrying from the coach when the home station was called, she took a cab—Kingston's only cab—and gave orders to be driven to the plant. It was almost seven, and twilight was gathering, but she fancied she would be most likely to find her husband at the office, especially if disaster had fallen. He had, however, gone home, nearly three hours before, a clerk informed her with an embarrassment which confirmed her fears.

She entered the house softly. Three hours before! Leaving his post at four o'clock in a crisis like this! That was not like the man who sometimes worked till midnight for weeks at a stretch. He was

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no coward, but other men accounted brave had done desperate deeds under like circumstances. Oh, if he had—before—before he knew that she ——! She fought off the paralysis of terror which suddenly assailed her, but her heart still thumped painfully as she passed down the hall without removing her wraps.

He was nowhere below, although his hat and coat hung on the hall-tree. With a tight throat and smiting knees she ascended the stairs. He was not in his den. He was not in his bedroom. Perhaps, in the last moment —— Clenching her hands until her fingers ached she tiptoed to her own bedroom, and opened the door as softly as one opens the chamber of the dead. But he was not there, either. Baffled, she stood helpless for a moment. Oh, yes, the nursery! He had always loved the nursery.

The door was slightly ajar, and after a pause to nerve herself for whatever might be there for her to see, she noiselessly pushed it wide open. A fire was crackling in the grate: and before the fire, in a wicker chair, sat Horace King, with little Esther in his arms. All was still for a moment, then came her husband's story-telling voice:

"And Brer Rabbit called out to Brer Fox, 'Bawn and bred in a brier-patch! Bawn and bred in a brier-patch!'"

Clara stole in with scarcely a rustle, and knelt by his side. He did not start—his nerves never betrayed him like most people's—but he smiled, so tenderly, so benignly, and laid his hand upon her shoulder and drew her closer.

"I knew you would come," said he quietly. "It happened a little sooner than I thought, or I should not have let you go."

"Then it is true?" she whispered.

"Yes. Your husband is a bankrupt. Do you care very much?"

"No, no, my dear husband, except for your sake!" she protested earnestly, turning up an illuminated, ennobled face. "*I* can be great, too—I'll prove it to you, darling."

"Everything will have to go—this house, the pictures and all. I may have enough left to start a little knife factory, just as grandfather did." His voice ended huskily, but his brave smile did not fail him.

"Let it all go, dear. We'll start anew—*we*, this time. Horace, have you felt—did it seem to you—that we—that we had already started anew? When you took my hand in the hall that night, did you ——" She could not finish, but her uplifted eyes glowed like twin stars.

"Yes, I knew it then. Come up on my other knee. I want all my possessions squarely in my arms."

When she had settled in his lap he kissed first one pair of lips and then the other, and pressed first the light golden head and then the dark golden head to his breast, one little woman laughing gleefully at papa's funny doings, the other woman crying gleefully.

"Who would call *me* poor?" said he.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Seeing an Opportunity

ABOUT fifteen years ago there was living in a small Western town a young man of twenty-two years of age, who at that time was the proprietor of a small grocery store. For this story we will call him Arthur Banks. His investment in the grocery business represented a small capital of two hundred dollars, loaned him by his father. The weather conditions of the year this story opens were very dry, and the farmers, seeing their crops wither away and burn up by the heat, one by one left the country, and, as his trade was in a measure among this class, his business soon fell away and he became discouraged.

However, fortune favored him, and he found a party who was anxious to go into the grocery business, and sold out for a small sum. That same night he took the train for the East. His Western experiences were such that he decided to go where the people lived, he said.

In one of our largest Eastern cities, looking for work, he applied at a real-estate office. This firm had at the time an addition just platted adjoining the city, and they were looking for a bright young man who could talk up the advantages of buying a lot. Banks was hired to go out and sell lots on a commission basis.

He was very successful from the start, and made money, he said, easily. The second week one of his buyers, an old gentleman, after deciding to buy a lot, said: "Young man, if you will bring the deed to my address this evening I will give you my check for the lot."

That evening found Banks on hand, and, after the transaction was closed, he was asked to stay a while.

The conversation turned on real-estate investments, and the old gentleman said he had made and lost a great deal of money, but that he was comfortably well off and, on the whole, his investments had made him some money.

Then he went on: "You see that pile of deeds tied up there in that pigeonhole of my desk? Well, they represent the bad investments. Some years ago I put a great deal of money in one of the loan companies of New York that dealt in Western farm loans. For a few years they paid me the interest, then missed a date, then paid again, but finally they had to go into the hands of a receiver, and, in settling the assets of that institution, they sent me that bundle of warrantee deeds on a lot of worthless Western farm lands. I have never yet been able to raise a dollar on them. Nobody will touch them.

Banks replied: "Would you mind my looking at them?"

The old gentleman told him to go ahead, and Banks took the bundle. Right on top was a deed to a piece of land almost in the centre of the State he used to live in. His curiosity was aroused. In looking them over he noticed they were all in that same State. He asked the old gentleman what he would take for the whole lot.

The latter replied:

"Why, they are worthless, young man, and have no value." Banks' answer was: "Well, will you put a price on them? I may be able to find you a buyer."

Then the old gentleman said he could have the entire lot for two thousand dollars.

Banks asked him how long he could have the option at that price.

"All the time you want—thirty or sixty days."

Banks made out a list of each quarter section and the location, and left. The next day he tried to get the banks to loan the money he needed, but was told they would not put a dollar into the land, as it was absolutely worthless.

That evening he wrote to his uncle, a retired minister, and told his story so enthusiastically that his uncle loaned him the amount.

Banks then made the purchase, had all the transfers made and duly recorded in his name, and in a few days arrived at the county-seat town whose name on the deeds first caught his eye. He first went to the court-house and got the location of the numbers of the range and township, then drove out there, about nine miles from town.

There he found a bunch of cattle feeding on the rich grasses with which the field was covered, and hitched his horse and walked in among the steers.

Presently, he saw coming toward him a man, who asked if he wanted to buy cattle. Banks asked: "Are these your's?" The farmer said they were. Then Banks said: "And they are feeding on my land!"

"Why," the farmer said, "I have used this pasture for years; I did not know who owned it, and no one has ever asked me for rent."

"Well," said Banks, "I am about to sell this quarter-section for fifteen hundred dollars."

The farmer asked for a chance to buy it himself. "This is my pasture," he explained; "all my other land is under cultivation. I will give you fifteen hundred dollars cash for the property."

"If you will meet me with the money at the First National Bank at two o'clock," said Banks, "I will close with you."

Mr. Farmer was on hand, the deed transferred and the money paid over.

This was the first transaction. Six months later every parcel of land was sold. The sales netted several thousands of dollars. Then Banks went back to the Eastern city and bought several acres of unimproved land adjoining the city and had it platted into residence lots. This he advertised and eventually sold for a large sum. The last I heard from him was that he had built to his own order a large steel lake steamer to carry freight from Buffalo to points on the lakes.

He is now living in a handsome home in one of the large Eastern cities, and is reputed to be worth over a million dollars.

—*J. J. S.*

Growing Cress for the Market

THERE are hundreds of women who are longing after the opportunities of city life for making money and are neglecting far greater opportunities right at home. Such a one wrote to a friend in a city, asking her to get her something to do. This was the answer she received from her wise friend:

"You just stop thinking about knitting or embroidery and plant watercress in that running stream back of your house."

Mrs. Anderson acted on her friend's advice. She first sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington for their free pamphlet on the cultivation of the watercress. After reading it carefully, Mrs. Anderson bought some seed from a reliable florist and carried out exactly the directions given by the Agricultural Department.

The seeds were planted the first week in August, and the first cress was sent to market just one month later.

Mrs. Anderson, from the beginning, was an enthusiastic grower, and she thought she saw great possibilities in the business. Her expectations have been more than realized. She is now one of the largest growers of cress in the United States. What one woman has accomplished another may.

The watercress, although not well-known among farmers, is one of the finest salad greens that can be grown, and is much sought after by city people. It grows and spreads over ground on which nothing else can be raised and produces one crop after another for six months or more of each year. It thrives in clear, shallow streams of running water. A swamp can be utilized if ditches are dug and the ground thoroughly drained.

It is propagated in two ways—by sowing seeds, and by planting out cuttings. If seed is used, sow it broadcast into the water. Sow the last of July or the first of August. This method is the cheaper, and is best for a new hand at the business. If cuttings are used, they should be pressed into the soil in the stream. The beds should be planted at right angles to the stream, rather than parallel with it. In making the slight excavations for the beds, when cuttings are used, leave small places eight or ten inches wide and pack the soil around the cuttings as close as possible to prevent washing. This small space running at right angles between the beds prevents injurious washing in a spring freshet or a heavy rain.

When the plants are two inches above the water they are ready to cut for market. They are cut with sharp shears. An inexperienced grower must be careful not to cut too deep, and thus destroy the root. A crop can be cut every three or four weeks. The more the plants are cut the greater the yield. If the climate is mild the cress can be gathered all winter, as the motion of the running water prevents freezing.

Watercress used as a salad is said to be an excellent tonic and sure cure for "spring fever" and torpid liver.

"If people would eat more greens (and cress is the very best of greens) they would not need so many tonics and pills," said a noted physician recently.

There are many ways of preparing cress for the table, but generally speaking, the simplest way is best. It should always be well washed in salty water and set in a cold place until it is served. —*B. C. E.*

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The Thermos Bottle — A Sectional View

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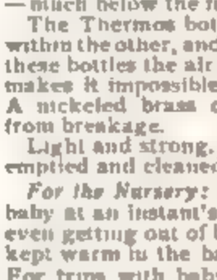
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YOUR SAVINGS

EQUIPMENT BONDS AS INVESTMENTS

SINCE bonds constitute the bulk of conservative investment, and since they are lower in price to-day than they have been in a very long time, it seems advisable that the average investor should know about all the different kinds.

You have already seen, in various articles in this department, how government, municipal, mortgage, convertible and debenture bonds play their important part in the business of the borrowing of money by railroads and corporations, thereby affording opportunities for the investor to put his savings or surplus funds out to work for him, so that they will yield him the safest and most satisfactory return. There is still another kind of bonds which constitutes one of the most attractive and stable forms of investment to be had. They are known by a number of names, including car-trust certificates, equipment notes and equipment bonds. The last named is the one that will serve for all practical purposes, for each variety depends for its existence upon equipment and is a bond.

This bond for years has been bought by extremely conservative investors and by trustees of institutions. Its qualities have not been generally known. Now that the investment educational campaign is bringing the investor into closer touch with the best class of securities, it is coming to be regarded as a standard investment.

An equipment bond is issued by a railroad or a corporation needing equipment. This equipment is rolling stock—locomotives and freight and coal cars. The reason why this kind of security is called a car-trust certificate is because the great part of railroad equipment consists of cars. The bond is usually secured by a mortgage on the equipment. Since equipment is absolutely necessary to the operation of a railroad, the bond takes on a peculiar and distinct value. Indeed, the equipment bond may be compared, with regard to safety, to the general first mortgage bond, which, by common consent, has been ranked as the highest type of railroad security. The equipment bond yields more than the first mortgage bond, and, under ordinary market conditions, can be bought on a basis to yield five per cent.

Safeguarding Equipment Bonds

There are safeguards about the issuance of equipment bonds which give them a unique value. The usual way of bringing them out is this:

Let us suppose that a railroad company traversing a rich coal region wants to build a thousand coal cars which would cost $1078.20 apiece, or a total of $1,078,200. Now the railroad, like most other corporations, does not have this amount of available money on hand. It must therefore borrow the money, and the best and easiest way to do this is to issue bonds. Bonds for the full amount cannot be issued, because the wear and tear on the security offered (the equipment) would reduce their value during the life of the bonds. So the company does what is usually done under such circumstances. It pays in cash fifteen per cent. of the cost of the cars and lets the bonds raise the money for the remainder of the sum required.

Right here comes the safeguard which distinguishes the equipment bond. A trustee invariably a reliable trust company, is named which takes in hand the issuing of the bonds. The equipment is built and is used by the railroad company. But the trustee executes a deed of trust for it, conveying the equipment in trust to the bondholders who have put up the money to buy it. This is why the security is called a car-trust certificate. The bonds which bear the name of the company are a mortgage on the equipment. The railroad company pays the trustee (for the bondholder) the interest and principal of the bonds as they become due. It is not until the last bond is paid off that the trustee transfers the equipment to the company for final ownership. Thus, through the entire period of the bonds, the trustee stands as guardian of the bondholders' interests, with a direct claim on the equipment.

Sometimes an association is formed to execute the deed of trust and issue the bonds. This association is merely a substitute for the formal trustee and performs the same service.

During the time that the bonds are outstanding the railroad company is required to keep the equipment in good condition, have it insured, pay taxes and other charges on it, and replace any of it that may be destroyed or worn out in the service.

Practically all equipment bonds are issued to mature serially. This condition is one that will be met frequently in connection with bonds, and an explanation of what it means may prove of benefit to the investor. When bonds are retired serially it means that a certain number of that issue are paid off every year. In the case of the equipment bonds of the railroad company, which run twelve years, used as an example above, a certain number of bonds would be paid off every six months. This means that every six months thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of the bonds would be retired, with the exception of one year, when the sum would be forty thousand dollars to make these figures come out right. Some equipment bonds, however, are retired annually.

All these bonds are numbered, and each one states specifically just when it expires. The investor, therefore, does not have to buy them blindly and have them come due before he knows it. The advantage of buying bonds that mature serially is that you can adapt your investment to suit any time. You can get a bond that matures in ten years, eight years, five years or six months.

Features of Equipment Bonds

There are many features to commend equipment bonds. In the first place, all the equipment remains pledged as security until the last bond is paid off. The advantage of this is obvious. Since the number of outstanding bonds becomes smaller each year, the security for the constantly dwindling remainder becomes enhanced. The depreciation, or wear and tear, of the equipment must be considered too, but this has little or no effect on the bond.

In the second place, the equipment which secures these bonds is absolutely necessary to the railroad for the conduct of its business. No matter what evil times may fall on the corporation, or whether it goes into bankruptcy or receivership, the equipment bonds usually retain their value, and their obligations are met. In fact, the equipment of a railroad bears the same relation to the road that the tools of a mechanic bear to the workman. If the mechanic is bankrupt the court exempts the tools from seizure because they are the means with which he must earn his livelihood. So with a railroad. Both Federal and State courts have held that when railroads go into bankruptcy the equipment must be left free to be operated by the assignee or receiver for the benefit of the creditors. Hence the bonds securing the equipment remain good.

There are many examples of the maintenance of the integrity of equipment bonds in the face of adversity. During the financial depression of 1893, railroads which operated ninety-four thousand miles of track went into the hands of receivers. These roads had outstanding, approximately, sixty million dollars in equipment bonds. Practically in every case the interest and principal of these bonds were paid, while the interest and even the principal of first mortgage bonds were defaulted—that is, were not paid. In the cases of several large railroads that went into the hands of receivers in 1905, notably the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton and the Pere Marquette Railroads, the equipment obligations are being promptly paid

In view, therefore, of the safeguards that surround this form of investment, it is not necessary for the investor to take the same elaborate precautions concerning the stability of the company issuing them, such as should be taken in buying any other kind of bond. The chief requirement of the equipment bond is that it shall be well pledged—that is, that the amount of the bonds shall not exceed the cost of the equipment, and should really be less than the cost. Usually the railroad or corporation issuing them pays ten or fifteen per cent. of the cost of the equipment.

Equipment bonds are usually four and one-half or five per cent. bonds, and run from ten to twelve years. The average life of a car exceeds this by several years. Most bonds of this kind are registrable as to principal. This means that when you buy one you can have your name registered as the owner, and, no matter if it is stolen, no one but yourself can collect the principal when it falls due.

Another feature of equipment bonds is that they fluctuate less in price, perhaps, than any other kind of bond. They hover about par most of the time. Like all other bonds, they have felt the influence of the general market depression and are cheap. You can buy them now to yield from five to six per cent.

Just about the time this article appears the July interest and dividend payments will be made, because the interest dates of most bonds are January and July. This means that about one hundred million dollars is being distributed to the various holders of securities. The season is known among bankers as "the time of reinvestment." Many people, therefore, are facing the problem of what to do with money that has come into their hands. It might be well to remember that, in the opinion of experts and reliable bankers, the opportunity now to buy high-class bonds cheap is one that may not occur again for a long time.

Cupid as a Tenant

I DOUBT if there is another who ever lost his money in exactly the same way I did—through love. This was some years ago, and it required five years to break me. I had worked hard, and had saved up twenty-five hundred dollars, when I married a handsome brunette.

I rented a home and fitted it up in fairly elaborate manner. I bought an acre of ground on the outskirts of Peoria and erected a neat cottage, where we were to spend the remainder of our days. We were in clover, having seemingly everything desirable, and I a good position.

A tidal wave struck the matrimonial bank in eight months. There was a ruction. Both high-tempered, we quarreled day after day, until life was misery for both, and we agreed to separate. I gave her the furniture, which she sacrificed to a second-hand dealer for a song, and we returned to the homes of our parents.

The storm died out, love returned to each, and once more we tried it. To do so it was necessary to mortgage the home to pay for the second installment of furniture. Love was stronger than before, but after a few months of bliss, another tempest arose, fiercer than the first. It was a repetition of the other on an enlarged stage.

Once more did an entire house of furniture furnish fat picking for the second-hand dealer at figures so ridiculously low that it brought a smile of satisfaction to his hardened face.

This story repeated itself four times, until one day we awoke in our separation to find that everything we had started life with was gone—happiness, pretty cottage, four different sets of furniture, all our money, my position, because I could not work with the incessant worry and my wife on a sick-bed through the same cause—and a doctor's bill to pay.

The lesson was a bitter one. For four years since marriage had I worked at excellent wages, only to discover that not only had I not saved a single cent, but also that everything I had started with on the matrimonial voyage had been all in vain. The realization of the foolishness and cost came to each at the same time, we resolved to try life again, and I am happy to say with genuine and mutual satisfaction. Another good position has enabled me to save, by the careful assistance of my wife, but when either discovers the possibility of breakers ahead, mouths are muzzled, tempers blanketed, and only the love each holds for the other is permitted to show on the surface; for neither can be happy except in the other's society.

—*H. M. F.*

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GREAT MEN AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

(Concluded from Page 15)

was so puffed up with the present of a bag of pistachio nuts that he intends to hand them down as heirlooms. Before Bryan went away the employees of the Commoner, mostly girls, put in five and ten cents apiece and gave him a fountain-pen. Bryan was told in the presentation speech that he would be expected to write to everybody in the Commoner office once a week. He promised to do the best he could, and redeemed that promise by sending postal-cards to everybody from nearly every interesting point he visited. He is partial to souvenir postal-cards. One of his editors got one from Portland, Maine, a time ago, which read: "Don't grunt: do your stunt," and on the card Bryan wrote: "How is this for a motto?" which makes the editor wonder whether there was anything personal in it.

A girl in the Commoner office was married some weeks ago. Bryan took entire charge of the wedding, was the master of ceremonies, and had more fun than anybody at the celebration. Once a year there is a picnic of the Commoner people, and Bryan makes all the arrangements, runs the whole affair, and cavorts around in a surprising manner for a man who weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds. He is a Mason and goes to lodge as often as he can.

He is a Woodman and an Elk, and he made the address for the Elks at one of their memorial meetings not long ago. He is simple, wholesome, genial and kindly in his dealings with his neighbors, and the whole Normal community, led by Uncle Jake Wolf, say he is the greatest man in the world.

People who live in Lincoln, where politics is always a topic, as in every State capital, ascribe some of the assumed Lincoln indifference to politics, but say there are men there who were leaders at the bar and elsewhere when Bryan came, poor and unknown, and that these men have a sort of a resentment at Bryan's rise. Lincoln is villagey in many things, and this may be true. Whatever was the cause, it took Bryan a great many years to get much applause from Lincoln, and while he gets some now, Lincoln isn't so fervently in love with him that she does anything foolish to show her affection. Lincoln is quite calm and collected. A novelist wrote a book a time ago in which the central figure was easily discernible as Bryan. The sanguine publishers sent fifteen hundred copies to one bookstore in Lincoln and guaranteed their sale. Lincoln bought about six.

Bryan laughed about this, as he laughs about many other stories about himself. The editorial writers who have for years been trying to prove that Bryan is hopeless because he has no saving sense of humor do not know their man. He is keen for a joke, and is a mighty good story-teller. Most of his stories are grinds on himself. His favorite one is about a political meeting he was asked to address a short time after he went to Lincoln. The meeting was in a little country schoolhouse ten miles from Lincoln, and Bryan drove over. He found the schoolhouse packed and David O'Toole presiding.

O'Toole came outside to consult with Bryan. They went to a shed behind the schoolhouse and O'Toole started things by offering Bryan a drink of whisky out of a bottle.

"Thank you," said Bryan, "but I do not drink."

"Oh, go on!" insisted O'Toole. "Take some. It will do you good."

"No," Bryan said again, "I don't want any. I never drink and I do not need it."

"Don't need it?" asked the astonished O'Toole; "and you driving ten miles through the cold! Have a sup."

"No, thank you."

"Well," said O'Toole disconsolately, as if all hope of making the meeting a success was gone, "then go in and do the best you can without it, which won't be much."

"Now," Bryan said, "I want you to do something for me. I drove over here at considerable expense. I don't want any money, but when you introduce me please say: 'Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the rising young lawyer of Lincoln, will now address you.'"

"How's that?" asked O'Toole.

"Say when you introduce me: 'Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the rising young lawyer of Lincoln, will now address you.'"

O'Toole practiced the speech several times, and they started in. At the door an enthusiastic old farmer grabbed Bryan by the hand and said: "You can go in there and give it to the Republicans. They ain't one in the house."

They went on the stage. The local speakers finished. O'Toole arose. He looked at Bryan and cleared his throat. "Mr.—Mr.—Mr. ——" he stammered.

"Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the rising young lawyer of Lincoln," prompted Bryan.

"Mr.—Mr.—Mr. ——" and O'Toole was stuck.

Bryan prompted again. O'Toole steadied himself by the side of the table. "Mr.—Mr.—Mr. ——" he began again. Then he glared at Bryan, who was motioning to him, and shouted: "Mr. O'Brien will sphake!"

Bryan will sit for hours with friends and tell stories, but he uses very few of them in his speeches. He had but two in the campaign of 1900: one about a man who saw an epitaph in a graveyard advising all who read it to follow the person on whose tombstone it was cut, and who wrote asking how anybody could follow him "until we know which way you went"; and the other about the man who stood at a railroad station and saw a dog chasing after a train and asked: "What will the dog do with the train when he catches it?" He never told a vulgar story in his life, and will not listen to any.

One of his favorites is about a time when he was waiting for a train in a little hotel in Oregon, Missouri. He was telling stories, and saw the landlady, Mrs. Zook, and her two daughters looking in the door. "Come in, Mrs. Zook," said Bryan. "I was just saying that the ordinary idea that women have no sense of humor is all wrong. Now, to prove it, I shall tell a story and I'm sure you will appreciate it."

Bryan told, elaborately, the familiar story about the woman on the steamer in the Mediterranean, who came to a man standing by the rail and pointed to something white on the horizon. "Will you please tell me what that is?" she asked.

"That, madam," the man replied, "is snow on the mountains."

"Oh," she said, "I am glad to know that. I asked another man a while ago and he said it was Greece."

Bryan stopped. Everybody laughed but Mrs. Zook. She looked puzzled and then leaned over and said: "Yes, but, Mr. Bryan, how did the grease get on the mountains?"

It Pays to be a Lecturer

Bryan is well-to-do. His place, Fairview, is a handsome house on a well-kept and productive farm. He has blooded stock and lives in great comfort. His paper, the Commoner, makes a good deal of money, and he gets high prices for his lectures. It is said in Lincoln that he will speak nowhere for less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and that he generally gets more. Some of his friends say he has had as much as fifteen hundred dollars for speaking at some of the big Chautauquas. He gets high prices for what he writes for the magazines.

He said, in a recent speech: "My living is as secure as that of any millionaire in the land. Conflagration can wipe out the wealth of a millionaire, but no conflagration can rob me of the political asset which has been given to me by the assent of 6,500,000 people. All I have to do is what I want to do."

Lincoln recognizes the facts therein set forth. Lincoln sets Bryan down as worth $200,000 and says his paper makes him $20,000 a year. Bryan is away much of the time, speaking. Lincoln doesn't care much for the Commoner. It is sold in the newsrooms and at the hotel-stands, but the neighbors do not take many copies.

Lincoln expects Bryan to be nominated again for President next year, and, on the whole, Lincoln is rather glad of it, although Lincoln will not give Bryan a plurality if he runs, not by fifteen hundred or thereabouts. Lincoln has begun to recognize Bryan as an asset, and is thawing gradually.

So far as the Amalgamated Association of Bryan Whirlwinders is concerned, Bryan is still The Cheerless. If he does run for President again he will resume business at the old stand as The Peerless, and his hold on that title depends on what happens on election day. The Amalgamated Association of Bryan Whirlwinders is making no predictions. It will be governed by the cold and brutal facts. But the Amalgamated Association will stand sponsor for one thing, and that is: William Jennings Bryan is a good fellow—a fine, clean-minded, genial, manly man, good-natured, not vindictive, eager to help others and, laying all politics aside, worth while, distinctly worth while, to know.

Back to the Farm

I LOST my first savings doing charity work. I do not think I am by nature any more charitably inclined than many another man, yet at one time in my life I was philanthropic to the tune of one thousand dollars.

I farmed successfully for several years; the seasons were good and, as I lived but a few miles from a good-sized city, I disposed of all I raised at figures that netted me money. This money I placed in a bank in the city, adding to it as I could until I had saved one thousand dollars.

Then I did as many another young man has done. I thought I would like to try city life for a while, so quit farming and went to town. I soon got a good position in a grocery store.

I had been there quite a while and was doing nicely when I conceived the idea that a store of my own would be a fine thing. I had learned, or thought I had, at least, the ins and outs of the business from the cellar to the front door, and, as I had the money, I could see no reason why I should not have a store of my own.

So I began to lay my plans to that end. I went to the bank and drew out my thousand dollars. It was paid to me all in twenty-dollar gold pieces. Very beautiful they looked, but as they were going to bring to me an increase of thirty, fifty, or, perhaps, a hundredfold I need not hesitate to use them.

I then rented a building, paying thirty-three dollars a month for it. I must have a good location or I would not get trade, and, as good locations commanded high rentals in that city, I had to pay it. Then I put in a stock of groceries. It took several hundred of that thousand dollars to stock up, get scales, showcases and so forth.

When I had everything in readiness I threw open my doors. Customers came, and, for a while everything was lovely. But it wasn't long before they "had forgotten their purses—wouldn't I trust them until next time?" or "Pay-day comes in a couple of weeks—could I wait until then?" Others were sick or out of work, "but if I would let them have the groceries I would surely get my pay."

And so I trusted them and continued to trust them. Their reasons were so plausible and their promises so promising that I felt I would get my pay in time, and so it went on. My customers were getting the delicacies of the season, and myself and family were living on the simplest food my store afforded in order to have money to pay my rent and keep up my stock.

The money I had saved out of the thousand dollars with which to do business went into the store little by little. Then I had to order from the wholesale grocers on thirty, sixty and ninety days' time—hoping to collect enough to meet their bills when due.

At the end of thirteen months I came to a point where I could hold out no longer. Unable to collect what was due me, I sold my stock that I had on hand for what I could get and applied that money to the wholesalers' bills. When I locked the door and turned the key over to the owner, I still owed the wholesale grocers two hundred and eighty-five dollars. I then went to work at nine dollars a week and lived on next to nothing until I had those bills all paid.

All I have to show now for my thousand dollars and a year's work is a *bunch of receipted bills*. Yes, I have also the satisfaction of knowing that I have helped quite a number of my fellow-beings to some of the good things of life, but, as I am not a Salvation Army barracks nor any other charitable institution, I do not suppose my name will be handed down to posterity as a public benefactor.

I am not running a grocery store now. I'm farming. —*G. W.*

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THE MADMEN OF THE DESERT

(Concluded from Page 9)

automobile fares was paid in four months between there and Tonopah. The owner of the auto line cleared about twenty-five thousand dollars on the rush.

Farther west, great copper deposits have been acquired by large interests and a smelter is building.

The reclamation of the desert is a wonderful thing, of course; but far more wonderful to me is the fact that this land of riches has lain outdoors in plain sight for all these years since the great days of the Comstock lode, shunned like a place of death by all the hordes of treasure-seekers that have fared out into the solitary places. They passed by this heat-scarred, dusty wilderness of lava and spike-leaved Joshua trees and pushed on into Mexico, or British Columbia, or Alaska, for they said that where volcanic formations covered the earth there the prospector would waste his time. Railroads were driven through in sight of the mineral belt, ranches were taken up on its borders, irrigating ditches were built to its edges, and still it lay forgotten and avoided by men as well as by lizards and all crawling things.

In all the seventeen thousand square miles of Nye County there were but two hundred and forty votes, and it took eight days to travel it from north to south.

Then one day old Jim Butler loaded his six burros and came down out of the town of Belmont. He loaded them with many things to eat, but principally he loaded them with water. He camped one night by a dry spring, and morning found his pack animals gone, but he overtook them grazing near the outcrop of a strange-appearing ledge. He took samples of the rock and went on down the desert to the little camp of Klondike, where he made a futile effort to have the stuff assayed. This discovery in little more than a year made him a millionaire, enriched his associates and turned the attention of the mining world once more to Nevada.

In the whole county of Nye it is said there was but twenty-six dollars at this time, and that belonged to Wilse Brougher; at any rate, Mr. Butler had none, so he gave his samples to a young man named Oddie, promising him an interest in the property if he would have them assayed. Mr. Oddie was likewise broke, and, although he was assistant district attorney, superintendent of schools, and sundry other things, his salary was but fifty dollars per month, and that was in scrip payable in seven years.

Inasmuch as the county was bankrupt, Mr. Oddie had to hire his own deputies, buy his own wood and postage, and meet the various other running expenses of his offices.

Days of Arcadian Simplicity

It may be seen that he was in no position to back a prospecting outfit, so he in turn sent the rock on to a friend of his in another town, promising him a share in the interest Butler had offered, provided the rock showed any values. The assayer threw the pieces outside his door upon inspection; then, thinking better of it, tested them later and found values as high as six hundred dollars per ton.

Meanwhile, Butler had gone away and could not be reached. Inasmuch as neither Oddie nor the assayer knew where the ledge lay, they were forced to possess their souls in patience till a letter could find its way to the discoverer. This happened a month later. Then Mr. Butler and his wife went back to the spot, which others had been vainly seeking meanwhile, and staked eight claims, which now comprise the great Tonopah mine.

That fall, Butler, Oddie and Brougher took two wagon-loads of outfit to the ledge and commenced work. The entire amount of capital used by them to develop their mine was less than twenty-five dollars, which is said to be the only outside money ever brought in to develop this wonderful property. They hauled two tons of ore one hundred and fifty miles to the railroad, shipped it to the smelter and realized about six hundred dollars. Then other men heard of the strike, and came. They took leases, a hundred and twelve in all, running for seven months. They started with no other working capital than their hands, and, before the time was up, they had produced about five million dollars.

Jim Butler made these leases orally; there was never a scratch of a pen to show for them, and, as far as I can learn, there was never a dispute in any of the settlements.

Before the expiration of the leases, and before they realized what they had, the discoverers sold a five-eighths interest in the property to some Eastern people for three hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. The first payment was fifty thousand dollars, but the balance was produced by the lessees from the ground before it became due. One of the purchasers, after holding his share of the deal for ten months, drew down one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides retaining an interest for which he refused three hundred thousand dollars.

The youngest of the trio, Oddie—he who found it necessary to develop a mining camp in order that this bankrupt county might be able to pay him his back salary—has, perhaps, gone the farthest. He holds a seat in the State Senate and is looked upon as one of the big new figures in Nevada politics, while his "bank-roll" is reputed to be several million dollars strong, and growing steadily.

One difference I noted between the fortunate ones of Nevada and those I have known in other camps. These men keep their money and use it to make more, instead of living for a day and dying in a blaze of glory.

A Little Man and the Hole He Dug

There is a little, quiet, unspoiled man out there whose record is remarkable. He would not talk about himself, but others told me of him. His name is Thomas Lockhart. For eighteen years he had followed mining excitements as day laborer, prospector, grub-stake man, till he came to Tonopah. He went down into the big mine and studied the ledges there. He studied many things about them, but principally their dip. When he had finished he went three-fourths of a mile away and commenced work on an abandoned mine.

Three other men had located this mine during the previous year, and each in turn had abandoned it as being too far from the big ledge, but Lockhart had the courage of his convictions, so he commenced to dig. He worked alone and people laughed at him. He drilled and blasted and hoisted all by himself. After each shot he climbed the ladder, as he did between each bucketful of rock. But he sank his shaft, and he cut the ledge where he figured it should be, and his mine is now valued at several million dollars.

He was early on the ground with the Goldfield rush and bought a mine, not because it showed indications, but because "it was in good company." He sold a controlling interest in it for four million dollars. Eight hundred thousand dollars was taken from one lease.

In addition to this, he and his associates control about one hundred acres in the heart of the mineral district at Goldfield; and yet Tom Lockhart is still the same quiet, little, careful man he was when living on a grub-stake.

It will be seen that most of Nevada's money has been made by men on the ground, not by us on the outside. It is their game, and they play it from the inside, which is as it should be and always will be. It is not the hard-fisted man with a pick who floats million-dollar mining companies organized under the laws of Arizona, nor is it he who lies awake o' nights devising schemes to protect his stockholders. The men who exploit new enterprises and who build—not discover—new countries are of a different family, genus and species. They are able to take care of themselves, and manipulate their mining exchanges just as effectively as the men in Wall Street handle themselves and their markets. Most of them weighed nine pounds at birth, and few of them have suffered accidents to their heads in childhood, while their moral fibre is no more finely spun than that of other men in chase of the winged dollar. The optimistic investor who believes the advertisements he reads, or thinks these people are working for his advancement, will awake with a start.

I talked with the representative of a New York mining brokerage concern, who informed me that his company had stock in some nine hundred different Nevada properties listed on their books. Perhaps, one-tenth of these have even mineral indications on their holdings, and yet he assured me gravely that he considered any one of these a good buy, for the money.

"You mean you'd consider any such purchase a good-by *to* the money," I suggested, for I was not flattered at his evident conception of me; but I saw he was in earnest.

"I'd as soon put money into one part of this country as another," he said, "provided, of course, I knew it would be used to dig with. When we have a customer we ask him if he wants to invest or to speculate. If he cares to invest, we sell him shares in some proven property. If he desires to gamble we give him a choice of the 'wild-cats.'"

Undoubtedly a greater degree of frankness prevails in this office than in many.

As to how much of this new wealth of the desert has been really taken from or developed in the ground, and what percentage is based on sentiment and speculative excitement, it is hard to say. The largest part of the great winnings which have been made there, and are being made there to-day, is the result of promotions and exploitations of various kinds. Some are illegitimate—that goes without saying; others are not; but this fact remains: that a mineral belt is being developed of such richness and extent as the world has never seen. The old days of California, of the Comstock lode, of Cripple Creek, of Leadville are being lived again. Young men are making fortunes out there, as the Floods, the Fairs, the Mackeys and the O'Briens made theirs.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. Beach upon the Mines and Miners of Nevada.

Perilous Indorsement

MY SAVINGS, aside from real-estate holdings, were invested in a bunch of cattle ready for the market. I owned a small farm, well improved and unencumbered by mortgage. I enjoyed a reputation for thrift and honesty.

I valued my cattle at one thousand dollars.

One day Martin G —— came to see the cattle. Mart dealt a little in live stock as well as many other kinds of property.

"I have a few notes here," said he, "that I got in trade. They are from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. They will aggregate, figuring in the accrued interest, a few dollars more than a thousand, but, as I'm going to move away soon and don't want to bother collecting them, I'll just give you the bunch for the cattle."

Upon examining his stock in trade, I replied that I was not informed as to the financial standing of the men whose signatures appeared thereon.

Mart seemed to hit a plan. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "I'll sign the notes over to you and we'll call it a trade, provided you find the paper good. You just keep the cattle in your possession until day after to-morrow. That will give you time to-morrow to drive to town and see your banker about the notes."

Next day, as my banker carefully examined the notes, he occasionally shook his head. He considered a few of them doubtful and the remainder worthless. "And," he added, "I don't know as Mart's indorsement helps them very much."

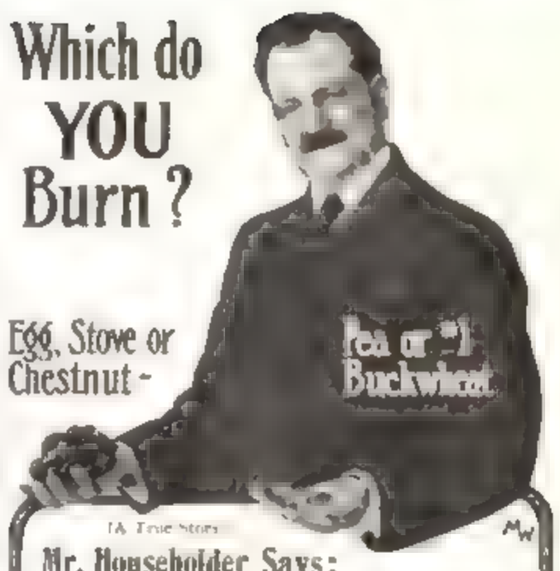
The morning following Mart was on hand bright and early. Of course, I assured him at once that I could not trade.

"All right," he replied, "the stuff's off; you keep the cattle and I'll take back the notes. But say," he added; "let's see. Oh, yes; I signed the notes over to you, so to keep the thing straight it will be necessary for you to sign them over to me."

Some affairs outdoors were demanding my immediate attention, and, not stopping to think of the consequences, I hurriedly scrawled my signature beneath that of the trader.

Mart drove to town, cashed the notes at a bank, and departed, for aught I know, to a far country beyond Jordan. *My indorsement had made the paper negotiable.*

I have not quite finished paying off those notes yet. —*T. C. M.*



Mr. Householder Says:

"I tell you it's mighty extravagant to have a heater that burns large coal.

"I use pea or No. 1 buckwheat (the smallest and cheapest anthracite) in my

SPENCER HEATER

so I save a couple of dollars a ton on the cost of the coal and as the Spencer's water-jacketed magazine feed uses it very sparingly, I need from 30 to 60% *less* than with other steam or hot water heaters.

That magazine feed, together with automatic regulation, keeps the house at a uniform temperature. Just think what a relief it is, to fall asleep knowing I'll wake up in a comfortably heated house, and I won't have to get up at daybreak, either, to fix the heater.

"And the Spencer requires only half as much attention as others, too! The magazine feed is responsible for this. It's *well worth* looking into!"

This is the time to dispose of the winter's heating worries. Write us at once for a "Spencer" catalog. Kindly mention your dealer's name.

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(Interesting proposition for dealers in open territory)

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Patented Write today for Illustrated Catalog

Nill-Standard Mfg Co., 547 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

WHERE THE OPPORTUNITIES ARE

(Concluded from Page 18)

Much will be done in development along the same line. The man who makes something better stands more chance in this country than the man who makes something cheaper. Our industries are getting away from the wooden nutmeg, where once it was their standard. We can make things big, fast and strong. We have got to make them beautiful. We can make them in enormous quantities. We have got to learn how to make *one*. Not long ago a manufacturing perfumer in New York needed a marble mortar of certain shape and size. No manufacturer in this country would make it. "We'd be glad to take an order for a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand," they said. But the man wanted *one*, and he had to send to Paris for it, and paid our Government the price of another mortar to get it into the country.

Stories of success in the development of small novelties are innumerable, and usually they turn on some element of improved quality, and almost invariably are stories of a success built from the ground up. Who would expect to find room for improvement in so cheap and staple an article as a shoelace? The commonplace but necessary shoelace sells for five cents when it sells at all. Many shoe dealers give it away with purchases. A man in the Middle West noted that ordinary shoelace tips, made of soft metal, soon came off. He patented a tip of tempered steel, unbendable and unbreakable, and a way of fastening it to the lace so that it could not come off. He then had to invent a machine to make the novelty, and to persuade people to buy it rather than take a pair of the old kind free. But he did it, because his novelty was better, and by business ability and hard work has established a factory that will probably make him a fortune. His new lace sells for nearly fifty per cent. more than the old kind to retailers, just on quality.

The room for improvement in the quality of our manufactures may be seen more clearly by the novel little experiment of taking an inventory of the clothing of almost any man or woman who spends one hundred and fifty dollars upward a year for dress. Half the articles of wear found on their persons will prove to be either partly or wholly of foreign manufacture. The quantities of piece cloth, cotton, woolen and linen that we buy abroad is amazing, and along with it come tons of hose, of underwear, of gloves, cravatings, and even hats.

American Teeth—and Shoes

In fact, we seem to hold world-markets in only one article of wear—shoes. American shoes and American dentistry stand for the highest quality in Europe. All this stuff comes in because it is in some way better than our own product, and higher prices are paid for it. Sometimes this quality is due to superior skill. Foreign manufacturers have developed it from father to son, helped by generations of skilled operatives. Sometimes it is due to cheap labor or other working conditions—a certain make of French suspenders, for example, is staple in our market, because French peasant women finish them by hand in their homes, and we haven't invented the necessary machine yet.

Again, we are often handicapped by lack of raw materials, as in the linen industry, or by cheaper materials abroad, as in the American glove industry, which is just now making a stiff fight against the advancing cost of leather. These foreign items of trade are all intrenched somewhere. Yet they are all vulnerable at some point, and will eventually fall to our own manufacturers. Often enough the problem seems so simple that it appears as though Yankee manufacturers hadn't had time to get around to it—but perhaps it is seldom as simple as that.

Those import items of ours fascinate the mind. What we send abroad goes into the statistics *gross*, at full retail prices. But what comes in is bare *net*, and on top of it add the tariff duties. Five million dollars' worth of French suspenders would mean nearly ten million dollars' worth of home trade if we could scoop in that little item.

They are being seized one by one. What a bill we pay Europe every year for toys! Only lately have Americans gone into this industry, but it is already established, and our toys have enough Yankee originality to appeal to Europe.

One of the concerns that makes carpet sweepers, for instance, turns out a tiny sweeper for youngsters to retail at a dime—a profitable article as a toy, and also an advertisement. In 1880 we made only three million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of watches. In 1905 we made nearly twelve million dollars' worth, and are now selling them abroad, much to the discomfiture of Swiss manufacturers. The Yankee clock-watch for a dollar is staple to-day in Europe. Only fifteen years ago we made a few thousand boxes of tinplate. It was then seriously charged that we could never establish an industry, despite a tariff sop just thrown to the manufacturers. But last year we made twelve million boxes, and the industry embodies that famous article, the Yankee tin can.

Collars 3000 Miles from Home

Most of these import items turn on *quality* production, which is a thing not yet clearly realized by all of us. For a man in California to send his collars to New York to be washed would look like a fantastic proceeding. Yet there is a laundry in the East washing nothing but collars and cuffs, and it draws bundles from California. Most of its machinery and practically all its processes are open to any one who wishes to compete. Skill, care and devotion to a specialty have built up this service. That is what attention to quality production does in nearly all cases.

On top of these comes that phrase we have only begun to hear at all the past five years—export trade. The term brings up pictures of the criminal trusts, entering foreign markets with brass bands and unlimited capital. But, rather strangely, the trusts are nearly all busy at home trying to fill orders, while some of the export triumphs have been won by small manufacturers, free-lance salesmen and selling agents. Here is one typical instance—another laundry story:

Several years ago an ocean steamship pulled out of Boston Harbor filled with tourists bound on a cruise around the Mediterranean ports. A laundryman at the Hub loaded some light machinery on board and did washing for the passengers. The linen of the steamship itself almost paid his expenses, and he made money. When tourists went ashore to see sights, however, this Yankee busied himself investigating the state of the laundry industry in foreign lands. He brought laundrymen aboard, showed his plant, and when the ship touched Liverpool on its way home had sold many hundred dollars' worth of American laundry contrivances. And in Liverpool he found a demand for soap chips. British laundrymen were not only greatly taken by his soap chips, a strange article to them, but he found that he could sell soap chips several cents cheaper per pound than they paid for soap. When he got home he had some fat soap contracts in his pocket.

Beginning Life at Fifty

In the office of one of the prominent industrial corporations is an Irishman who had to leave Erin at fifty and hunt an opportunity. Up to that age he earned his living as an accountant in Irish flour mills. These mills ground American wheat. But when the Minneapolis mills began to export flour to Europe their product was laid down so cheaply that many Irish mills went out of business. The accountant emigrated. And it might be well for the young man studying opportunities to remember that, while we export flour to Ireland, we also import potatoes from Erin's green isle and from Cuba and Canada. If this doesn't indicate gaps in our system of production, what will?

To come back home, it is possible to show that dozens of our industries are growing so fast that they can hardly obtain men of the first class. When the linotype displaced typesetting by hand about 1894, this, coupled with trade depression generally, seemed to sound the death-knell of every compositor. But since then the linotype, the process engraving and the fast press have created a great new publishing industry and increased reading, so that printing, publishing and paper-making have doubled in fifteen years. One interesting industry to-day is cement-making and concrete construction, with its demand for architects and engineers, its stimulus to building, its fostering of similar products like tile and terra-cotta. It is said that leading contractors and architects are so busy with large concrete industrial construction that the man who wants to build a moderate-cost concrete residence has difficulty in finding anybody to undertake his job, and that there is room for many a young architect and contractor here.

And there is always room in the field of small manufactures. For twenty-five years or more the safety razor has been on the market, but only within the past two years have safety razors been actively pushed, and in that period, it is estimated, more than three and a half millions have been sold, bringing at least ten million dollars.

To the young man who has halted, perplexed between the last generation's rosy recollections of things as they used to be, and the golden hopes of reformers for the next generation, it doubtless seems as though he had been caught between the frying-pan and the fire. Well, from all accounts, this old world has always looked that way to the man on the spot. Men may have risen in the past from clerkships to their own business enterprises. They are doing it to-day, and if it were possible to reduce so large a question to statistics, it would undoubtedly be shown that more men are doing it, and doing it oftener.

Investigate any of the lines of development indicated above and such men will be found. And when found, be sure to associate with them, for they are a mighty inspiring lot when it comes to material development.

Specializing the Key to Progress

A hundred years ago it was possible for a man with an ordinary mind and a fair education to obtain a working knowledge of all the sciences and arts. Then the world began to specialize, and this became impossible.

Yet, fifty years ago, while a man might not have grasped a good, working knowledge of astronomy, steam-engines and agricultural science together, still he could have kept close track of the progress being made in all scientific and industrial lines, and have had personal knowledge of each centre of activity.

But fifty years more went by, and the industrial development to-day is so vast and rapid that a man with a mind like Plato's or Herbert Spencer's couldn't even keep track of developments as they are reflected in the daily papers, the magazines, the scientific journals, the census statistics. It takes an active mind to keep track of what is going on in even one industry. You step out of your little shell of environment into a pullman, a hotel lobby or any place where lines of activity criss-cross, and in a half-hour, by merely keeping your ears open, get an insight into enough different channels of material progress to make your own trifle of knowledge seem hardly worth mentioning in such company. And still you have only blundered on a tiny corner. When any one asserts that opportunities are all gone in an industrial cosmos like that, it seems safe to assume that he hasn't been around much, and that his assertion is nothing more than a generality—a suspicion based on few facts.

The Fame of

Tom L. Johnson

President of this bank, as an earnest worker for the interests of the whole people is world wide. Few men are better known and the efforts of none are more appreciated. In organizing this bank we enlisted the personal and financial co-operation of Mr. Johnson upon the understanding that it should be a bank *for "the people"* rather than for the benefit of a few capitalists.

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Send 10 dull blades with 25c silver. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in neat case for future use.
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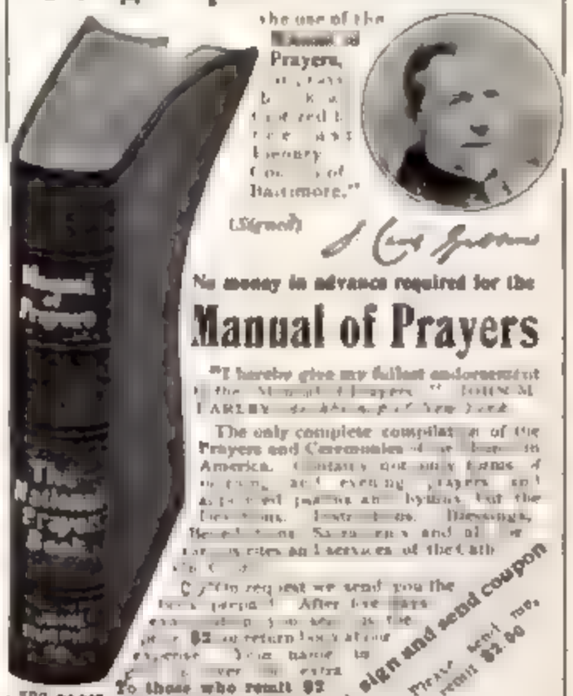

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(Signed) J. Cardinal Gibbons

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(P)

A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP

(Concluded from Page 17)

As it was some seconds before I had sense enough to apply my brakes, I now led the procession by several yards. Being in the lead, however, was not without its advantages; I threw in the reverse, backing in a semicircle till I had planted the car squarely across her path. Then I jumped to the ground beside her.

"Miss Standish," I said solemnly, "if you don't speak to me this minute I'll scream."

"Mr. Snowden," she said, "if you address me once more I'll join you."

Then we both laughed.

"This beats screaming all hollow," I managed to say a moment later.

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"And explanations, too."

"Oh, decidedly!" she agreed.

"You might as well ride the rest of the way," I said.

"Supposing I prefer to walk?"

"I don't mind tagging along in the automobile," I said.

"But it looks so silly."

"Then you will ride back in the car, won't you?"

"Of course it is understood that I shall pay you your regular rate ——"

"I haven't any rate," I replied shortly.

"—— Of two dollars and a half an hour," she continued.

"You are unnecessarily cruel, Miss Standish."

"I owe you eight dollars as it is, Mr. Snowden: five for car-hire, and three for the chauffeur who drove us in from the restaurant that night. If I had only thought to bring my purse with me —— But I can pay you when we reach Primrose Court. I always pay my debts, Mr. Snowden."

"I shall expect you to sit beside me on the front seat, you know."

"Is that necessary?"

"Oh, quite!"

With that I helped her into the car.

How wonderful it was to have her there beside me! I quite lost my head with happiness. Instinctively, I advanced the spark, opened the throttle and threw in the clutch. And then . . .

It was too awful. Instead of moving out into the road, the car leaped backward like a wild thing.

Crash! crash! crash! Crunch! BANG!

I had forgotten to change speeds. I had started her on the reverse.

And that sound of splintering metal—that was my gasoline tank gone to glory against a boulder or something. And the gasoline would drip on to the red-hot exhaust pipe leading from the muffler—and then—and then—while there might not be an explosion ——

"Miss Standish," I said quietly, "I fear we have met with a grave accident. Please get out."

She obeyed instantly.

"Now please cross to the other side of the road."

"And you?"

"Go at once."

"But ——"

"Go!" I thundered.

She went.

XXIII

I NOW tore off my dust-coat and jumped from the car.

Yes, she was afire. And the tank held forty gallons of gasoline!

Gad, what a blaze! And no rug to smother it with—nothing but a flimsy dust-coat!

I tore off my other coat, and with it tried to beat out the flames; but the fire, fed from the hole in the tank, spread in spite of me, ran here and there in little rivers, mounted higher and higher, scorching the back of the tonneau, shriveling the paint. The more desperately I flayed it with my coat, the faster it seemed to burn. My coat was on fire!

I cast it aside and, scooping up handfuls of dust, renewed the attack. That was the stuff! If I could only put out the fire directly under the hole in the tank, I'd win. Lordy, but it was hot!

Bang!

The gasoline had begun to vaporize.

Bang! Bang!

She was vaporizing to beat the band.

I kicked dust, I burrowed in it like a dog. I filled my cap with it. I'd try to stuff the cap into the hole in the tank. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

BOOM!

A sheet of flame shot heavenward. Explosion followed explosion.

BOOM! BOOM!

I jumped back involuntarily, and bumped into something. There was a hand on my arm. It was Marian!

"Go away!" I yelled.

She did not move. A gust of wind drove the flame almost into our faces.

I picked her up, as if she'd been a child, and hurried down the road.

At a safe distance I set her down, then turned abruptly. The tonneau was now a blazing furnace. There was a hopeless smell of melting rubber. It was as gloomy as a funeral.

The flames leaped higher and higher. They leaped forward like a pack of wolves, licking and spitting. I could bear to look no longer. My dear old car was done for, I was dirty and dusty and forlorn; my cap was gone, my coat was gone, my hands were blistered, and—it was all my fault.

What a rotten place for a gasoline tank, anyway! Would Frenchmen never learn that the proper way to feed gasoline was by gravity, that the proper place for a tank was under the seat?

BOOM!

That was the biggest explosion yet. And to think ——

A voice interrupted my thoughts. "It's too bad, Mr. Snowden."

"It was my own fault," I said. "I forgot to change speeds, and started her on the reverse."

"It was such a beautiful car, and I'm so sorry."

"It was a bully car, and I loved it."

"Poor Bill Snow!" she murmured.

"To hear you say that is worth all the cars in the world," I said. "Won't you understand, dear? I don't care for anything in the world but you. I loved you the first time I saw you. I ——"

"Please don't," she pleaded.

"All right, I won't. But you do understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand—that is, I understand everything except how the car caught fire."

"I bumped into a boulder and smashed the gasoline tank," I explained. "And now I can't drive you back to Primrose Court."

"We can walk."

"But it's a good three miles."

"I can walk three miles very easily. Besides, we may be able to persuade a passing wagon to give us a lift."

"It takes money to persuade passing wagons, and I've only a dollar and seven cents. Come to think of it, I've only a dollar; the seven cents was in a pocket of my dust-coat, and I dropped that by the automobile."

"Poor dust-coat! Still, a dollar should be quite enough."

"But I can't part with my dollar," I said; "it's the one you gave me the first time you went riding with Bill Snow. It wasn't till I ordered luncheon to-day that I discovered I'd come off without any money, and ——"

"Do you mean to tell me you went without luncheon rather than spend my dollar?"

"Of course I did. Do you think I could spend that dollar? Why, I've kissed it heaps of times! I can't show it to you now because it's sewed into my waistcoat pocket; I sewed it in myself for fear of losing it."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I believe you do love me," she said.

"I can't begin to tell you how much I love you," I replied, "or how I've worried about that handsome chap who dined with you that night."

"My silly cousin?"

"He called you 'dear'; I heard him."

"He was properly disciplined for that, Mr. Snowden."

"Say Bill," I urged.

"Not now."

"Will you, sometime?"

"Perhaps."

"Soon?"

"Perhaps."

"Why not now?"

"Oh!"

"But you will, sometime?"

"Ye—es."

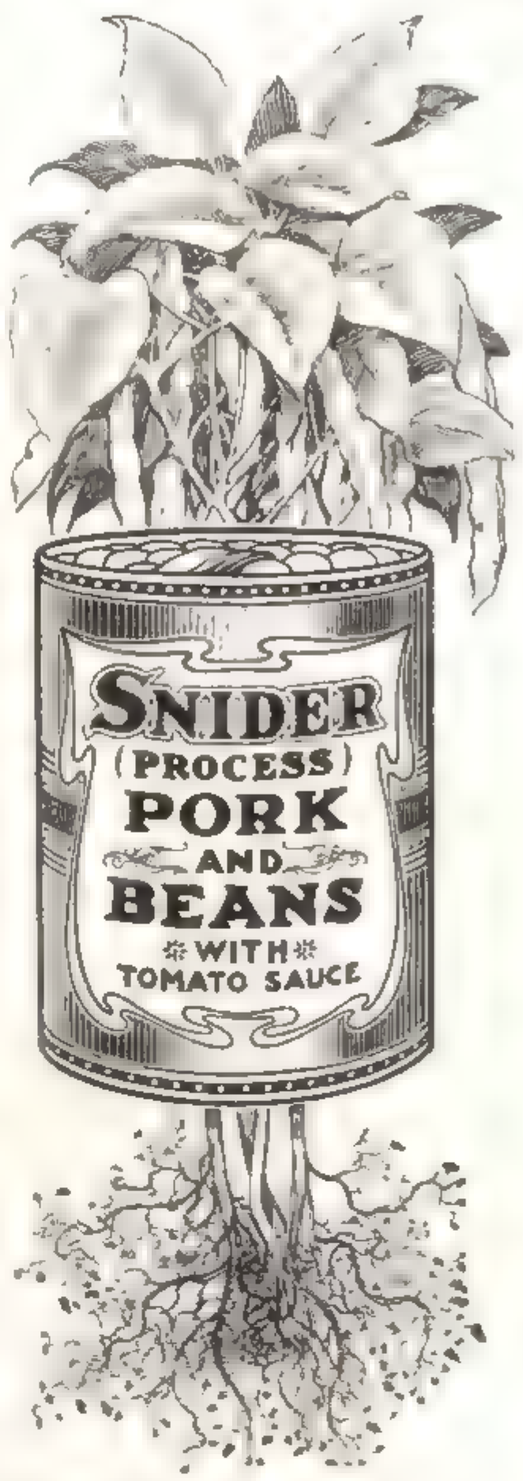
"And you do care for me a little?"

"Ye—es, Bill."

I promptly clasped her in my arms and kissed her.

(THE END)

Why Beans are so Rich in Nitrogen



PULL up a bean stalk and see why!

Observe the little nodules clinging to its roots.

These have the unique power to seize free Nitrogen from the air and convert it into nitrates for the roots.

This Nitrogen in turn ascends, through the stalks, to the pods, and accumulates, as Nitrogenous Proteid, in the Beans.

That's *why* Beans are among the greatest of all Body-Builders.

* * *

Beans contain about *23 pounds* of Nitrogen-bearing tissue or Muscle-making Proteid in every 100 pounds.

Bread contains only 6½ pounds, Bacon 8 pounds, Cream Cheese 8½ pounds, Eggs 12½ pounds, Beefsteak *20 pounds* per 100.

So that Beans are a much more powerful food for body-building and repair than even Beef, Eggs, Bacon or other foods of many times their price.

Beans also contain three times as much Phosphorus as Beef, 2½ times as much as Eggs, and 4 times as much as Milk.

Phosphorus, you know, is the food-factor which feeds Nerves and Brain, and which is used up in *thinking*.

Beans also contain more of the Potash and Lime, from which Bone and Teeth are formed, than any other *vegetable* food.

Moreover, Beans while being such magnificent tissue, muscle and bone builders, contain practically *no Fat*.

(There is a broad hint in this for Americans with a tendency to stoutness.)

* * *

But, Beans, as usually served, have their fault.

And that Gas is what causes Flatulence, Colic, "wind on the stomach."

This is where the "Snider Process" steps in—to eliminate such ingredients.

That Process not only extracts the bitter principle (Natural to all Beans) but makes them mellow, cheesy and firm to the tooth, while *porous* as little sponges, so the Stomach Fluids can readily penetrate and *digest* them.

* * *

The "Snider-Process," in this way, *doubles* the *digestibility* of Beans without making them mushy, soft, split, squashed or discolored, like other brands of Pork and Beans.

The *porous* nature of "Snider-Process" Beans also permits them to evenly absorb the delicious Catsup in which they are immersed, with its zesty flavor of Seven Spices.

Buy a can of "Snider Process" Pork and Beans to-day.

Cut it open *before heating* and compare its perfect whole Bean contents with the best brand of Pork and Beans you have ever before used.

If it is not *better* than that *best*, take this to your Grocer as authority to get your money back.

That's an offer worth while, isn't it?

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Under the Overshirt — Over the Undershirt

"COATLESS" SUSPENDER

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THE CITY OF BANKS

ASSETS OVER FORTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS

YOUR BUILDING

KING-MAD AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 5)

the littlest hamlet and did her own housework, had just as much claim upon the courtesies of our representatives abroad as the proudest lady in New York. I said, "All right," started in to keep my list by the reformed method, and hoped to get a leave of absence just at the time when the Queen would receive her next batch of Americans.

One morning, a couple of months later, as the winter approached, the Minister introduced the subject of presentations, and said he had come to the conclusion that my previous system of filing applications was, all things considered, the wisest, and he, therefore, favored my resuming the old way. I think it was late that same afternoon, after my chief had gone home, that a visitor entered the legation. Her appearance nearly took my breath away. As I looked up, my first thought was that some one was trying to have a little joke at my expense. I had often argued with foreign friends that no European novelist or playwright could picture an American woman without producing a grossly exaggerated caricature that bore no resemblance whatever to the charming genuine article. The creature that advanced toward me was one of these preposterous misrepresentations. A second glimpse satisfied me she was masquerading for the occasion, for even on the stage I had never seen any one so extensively made up as to hair and remodeled features on a frescoed background. The patchwork ensemble was fascinatingly intensified by her attire. She was amazingly overdressed as to colors and texture, and her prolix surface was sprinkled all over with diamonds, like a plump pumpkin glittering in dew.

A Modest Proposal

Too alert to be caught napping when a joke was in the air, I arose and smiled at her, as much as to say, "You can't fool me." I was just going to put this thought into words, but before I could open my mouth she had opened hers, and was talking like a calliope. She had come to ——, she said, to be presented to the Queen, and, though she would prefer a private audience, if that could not be obtained she would wait for the regular presentations. She had called upon the American Minister at his house, and he had suggested that she visit the legation, where the secretary would file her name with the regular applications. Then, as if she were accentuating the climax of an impressive discourse, she told me her name. I had never heard of it, but I realized my ignorance when she followed the announcement with dazzling information concerning her husband, his fortune and his influence.

By this time I had begun to realize that she was not, after all, the same kind of a joke I had supposed. So I wrote the name down in my little book, but that was as near as the lady ever got to the Queen—at least, during my time—for the ensuing year I was transferred as First Secretary to our Embassy in another capital. There, too, multitudes of other episodes occurred in connection with the court presentations, but my effective invention was likewise introduced, where it also worked like a charm.

Now, what do you think of my system? Infamous, did I hear you say? Well, well! And why? I can imagine your answer. It is atrocious that a man should dare to make public confession of such a shameful act; that an official holding a high post under his Government should continue for years a practice of deceit, the sole purport of which was to demonstrate that the Constitution lied and that all men are not created equal; that he should ostentatiously acknowledge he had persistently ignored the prior claims of worthy citizens in favor of less deserving citizens whose especial qualification was that they were accustomed to the wearing of *décolleté* dresses; that a representative of the National Government, who had no right to the exercise of local or social prejudices, should shamelessly proclaim he had made a rule of bestowing official favors on the residents of big cities, and had persistently refused the same favors to persons of eminent respectability simply because they came from little towns.

I can fancy your saying all these things, and a thousand others more impetuous still, without assuming for a moment that you are necessarily one of those multitudinous ladies who are only just now finding out why they were not presented to the Queen long years ago. Far from resenting your appraisement of me on my own presentment, I hold it most natural you should think as you do, not knowing all the circumstances that bear upon the matter. Hence, I am going to tell you something more about this general question of court presentations, and then, perhaps, you will absolve me from some little portion of your blame, at least. It may be you will somewhat exonerate me when I show you that one of the chief motives for devising my system was to set scandal seeking elsewhere than at our legation for a scent that would start the nasty ghoul on the trail of any woman.

I had previously known, in different capitals, of several cases where charming women of the highest standing had been irretrievably prejudiced because gossip had learned beforehand that their names had been submitted to the court functionaries for presentation, and had later ascertained that the names had been erased from the list. In some instances the discrimination had found its motive in some social peccadillo of little consequence; in others, owing to a personal spite on the part of influential ladies of the court; and in a few cases from the simple accident of a resemblance of names. In Berlin, years ago, a Baltimore lady had her name erased from the legation's list by the Palace functionaries simply because her father, many years before, had brought a suit at law against a German consul.

Scandal, society's oracle, being a purveyor of sensations, did not disclose the harmless motive for any of these erasures, but screeched the fact alone from the housetops, and winked a hint as to the naughty reason why these ladies should not bring their contaminations into the sacred presence of royalty. What was the result? These honorable women became the scornful topic of several communities, and returned to their native land to learn that the vile insinuations had preceded them there, to break out again, like some odious infection, at intervals through all their lives.

My system prevented any such possibilities as those I have described. Let me tell you some other regretful happenings it obviated. In the early eighties, in London, the Court Gazette made mention through all the newspapers of the metropolis, and caused to be cabled to the American press, that her Majesty, Queen Victoria, had seen fit to cancel and to consider null and void the presentation, at the previous day's drawing-room, of Mrs.——, of New York. This was the pitiless, incisive way in which the Court of St. James gave notice to the world that the American Legation had presented to the Queen of England a person of doubtful character.

At a smaller court on the Continent, our legation presented to the Queen a worthy American woman of great business acumen, who immediately established herself in the capital as a beauty doctor, and announced on her sign:

HAS HAD THE HONOR
OF BEING PRESENTED
TO HER MAJESTY

The Envoy Extraordinary of the United States in another European Kingdom, animated by the same righteous enthusiasm that characterized my two chiefs when I explained to them my process of elimination, included among his candidates for presentation to the sovereign a venerable couple from the Minister's own town. They went to court in the same modest raiment they habitually wore at home, were stopped by the Palace servants, who mistook the pair for rustic tourists, and were unceremoniously ejected from the building, because their protests and explanations, in bucolic English, were interpreted as the incoherent ravings of a duo of lunatics.

To this day, though it occurred years ago, another pathetic scene that took place in the gorgeous palace of royalty in another European capital is the subject of many jovial anecdotes in court circles. The United States representative there also had

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9594	Flanagan and His Servant Girl (Original)	Steve Porter
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9598	Tale of the Bucket (Bald)	Will F. Denny
9599	Bloody and Johnny (Original)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9600	It's Great to be a Soldier Man (Morse)	Byron G. Harlan
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the notion that whoever asked first to be presented to the reigning lady had the first right to see her, and that the humbler the citizen the prouder should the Minister be to present her. She was humble enough, certainly, when she entered the Palace, but humbler still when she left it—that poor rustic countrywoman of ours, whom a fool Minister led into such a place, instead of blocking her way. The writhing cynosure of five hundred contemptuous eyes, the chorus of pitiless titters tortured her soul in keenest humiliation, and she fled shrinkingly from that brilliant scene as if she were trying to sneak unseen from Hell.

Where my system was enforced none of these horrors was enacted. There were some momentary disappointments, I admit, and some wasted gowns, perhaps; but there were no scandals, no public notifications of disgrace, no mortifying memories, no pitiless distresses.

After what I have told you, I hope you will change your mind, and will consider my system, even if conceived in snobbery, was for dealing with snobs, and the very best that could be desired. But, whether you do or not, I do, and I recommend it to the Department of State as the proper method to be enforced in all our embassies and legations. The State Department should impress upon all its new diplomatists that in all matters pertaining to the courts to which they are accredited the usages of the courts, and not the envoy's home customs, must be the ruling standard.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 7)

wire intact. Perhaps you wish me to pledge Sparling and Bilge to secrecy?"

"Oh, dear, no. I anticipate great pleasure in meeting Mr. Schwartzbrod. I picture him cringing and bowing and rubbing one hand over the other, as he pleads for a renewal of the charter, and crawls away from all my inquiries regarding the whereabouts of the steamer. I shall be back in London by the time the syndicate begins to get uneasy about the Rajah, and I shall renew the charter with the utmost cheerfulness, without insisting on learning where the Rajah is. But imagine the somewhat delicate position of a man compelled to negotiate with me for the hire of a boat to steal my own gold. The venerable Mr. Schwartzbrod will need to keep a close guard on his tongue or he will give himself away. It is a delicious dilemma. I hope you comprehend all the possibilities of the situation; but, be that as it may, get you off to Southampton, and when you are done with the copper mine, report on board my yacht at Plymouth, where you will find me waiting for you. Then for the blue sea and red carnage, if it is so written."

The young and energetic Mackeller completed his purchase of the steamer Rajah in something less than three hours. An excellent express whisked him up to London again, and he spent the afternoon in securing what he needed for the long voyage that was ahead of him, dispatching his purchases, as his lordship had directed, to the care of the yacht at Plymouth.

The plan his lordship had so sketchily outlined, of regaining his own property on the high seas, struck the practical mind of Mackeller as probably feasible; but, although all the legality would be on his lordship's side, he thought it folly to proceed to West Africa with a small body of men, and no more persuasive ammunition than champagne and tobacco. Therefore, in purchasing his own equipment, Mackeller took the precaution of buying a dozen of the latest repeating rifles, with many thousand cartridges to fit the same, and this battery he ordered forwarded to the yacht.

The dark man who kicked Mackeller downstairs into the hold, and who afterward interviewed him alone by lantern light, had impressed Mackeller as being a capable leader of men, and he would probably drill his following into some sort of shape during the long voyage to the South. The engineer was convinced that the dark man was well aware of the criminal nature of his proceeding, and undoubtedly, when once the force was landed, he would be very much on the alert. It was morally certain, thought Mackeller, that one or other of his scouts would ultimately come upon the yacht, no matter how securely they hid her, and so soon as her presence came to the knowledge of the strenuous leader of the filibusters, an attack on the yacht was certain.

At 9:50 that night Mackeller was in occupation of his comfortable little room in the sleeping-car of the Penzance express. Seven o'clock next morning found him at breakfast in Redruth, and so resolutely did he go about his business that in two days he formed complete the organization which which was to operate the old copper mine. Then he took train for Plymouth, and was rowed out in the evening to the white yacht at anchor in the harbor, resting beautiful as a swan on the placid waters. Mackeller was astonished to find her so large a boat. She was almost as large as the Rajah, but of much more dainty shape, her fine lines giving promise of great speed. Thin cables, extending from slanting mast to slanting mast, he recognized as the outside paraphernalia for wireless telegraphy, and although he saw from this that Lord Stranleigh treated himself to the latest scientific inventions, he was quite unprepared for the quiet luxury that everywhere met his eye once he was aboard of the yacht.

He found Lord Stranleigh aft, seated in a cane chair, his feet resting on another.

"Finished with copper already, Mackeller?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord."

"I did not expect you before to-morrow night. I imagine you gave your disconcerting energy full play down in Cornwall."

"I have been reasonably busy, my lord."

"Would you mind pressing that electrical button? It is just out of my reach."

Mackeller did so, and a cabin-boy immediately put in an appearance.

"Go forward, and ask Captain Wilkie if he will be good enough to allow me a word with him."

Captain Wilkie proved to be a grizzled old sea-dog, of unmistakably Scotch extraction. He rolled aft, and saluted his owner.

"Everything ready, captain?"

"Everything ready, sir."

"Very well; up anchor and away."

The captain went forward and mounted the bridge.

"Draw up your chair, Peter, and let me have your verbal report, and, as you drop into the chair, drop also that appellation 'my lord.' If you want to be extra respectful at any time, say 'sir,' as the captain does, and I'll do the same by you, if you require it."

Mackeller gave him a full account of his occupation during the last three days.

"You have done very well, Mackeller," remarked Stranleigh, "and as a reward I will give you the choice of a spot in the Bay of Biscay or the Atlantic Ocean where you may wish your case of rifles and ammunition heaved overboard."

"Oh, have you been examining my dunnage, sir?" asked Mackeller.

"Dear me, no," replied Stranleigh languidly. "Your fool of a gunsmith did not understand your instructions, and, supposing you were acting for me, he telegraphed asking which of two rifles named should be sent. Learning that twelve had been ordered, I thought of telegraphing in the old phrase, 'Six of one and half a dozen of the other,' but I finally took on a score, altogether—ten of each kind, with ammunition to match."

"Why purchase more guns than I did, if you're going to drop them in the Bay of Biscay?"

"Oh, they'll make the bigger plump when they go down."

"What harm will they do aboard, sir?"

"I hope you understand, Mackeller, I am on a mission of peace, and if, for any reason, the yacht should be searched, your rifles and ammunition would be rather a give-away, wouldn't they?"

"I don't see that."

"All right, Mackeller; don't be alarmed. The boxes are stowed safely away in the forrard hold, and we'll not drop them overboard anywhere. After all, you know the locality for which we are bound better than I do, and so your rifles and ammunition may prove friends in need. I see the boy hovering about in the offing, and I am sure he wishes to conduct you to your cabin. By the time you've washed away the railway dust, the dinner-gong will be filling the air with a welcome melody. I've got my own favorite chef with me, and I understand we shall not need to live on porridge and tinned milk. And, by the way, Mackeller, did you happen to pack such wearing apparel as dinner-togs in your dunnage, as you call it?"

"Dinner-togs?" echoed Mackeller, aghast. "Why, I'm a mining engineer. I haven't even a starched shirt with me. I'll eat forward with the men."

"Oh, there's no need for that. As you tried to bolt through the door from my breakfast-room the other morning, when Ponderby was on guard, I saw him measure your proportions critically with his eye. So I told Ponderby to make a guess at what would fit you, and to go to the extent of three evening suits of varying sizes made to order. You will find them all laid out in your room."

"Well, sir, if you expect me to look pretty every night——"

"Oh, no," interrupted his lordship, "I never expect the impossible; but, you see, Captain Wilkie is rather a stickler on etiquette. He will occupy one end of the table. Then there will be our chief engineer, also in uniform, and the wireless telegraphy operator, who is rather a la-de-da young man, and lastly, there's the doctor."

Mackeller departed dejectedly to his room, which he found so spacious and so luxuriously fitted up that he stood on its threshold for a few moments, regarding it with dismay. He emerged when the gong rang, and entered the long, broad saloon which extended from side to side of the ship. Lord Stranleigh occupied the head of the table, and he introduced Mackeller to Doctor Holden, and to Mr. Spencer, electrician and telegrapher. Neither the captain nor the engineer put in an appearance during dinner, the one waiting to see his ship in more open waters, and the other standing by to watch the behavior of the machinery at the beginning of a long run.

"You have a fine boat here, Stranleigh," said the doctor.

"It isn't half bad," admitted his lordship. "Still, there's always a fly in the ointment. I called her The Woman in White, after the title of Wilkie Collins' famous novel. There's a copy of the book in every room, large and small, each copy in a style of binding that suits the decoration of the room, so I beg of you, Mackeller, to begin reading the story in your own apartment, and if, getting interested in it, you wish to continue in the saloon, or on deck, I hope you will take the saloon or deck copy, so that the color of the binding will not clash with your surroundings."

"Then the fly in your ointment," said the doctor, "is the fact that your passengers persist in taking away the volumes from the rooms where they belong?"

"Oh, no; a man who calls his yacht The Woman in White should have a captain named Wilkie Collins. I searched England and Scotland for one of that name, and couldn't find him, so I was compelled to compromise—a thing I always dislike doing. My captain's name is Wilkie and my chief engineer's name is Collins, and thus I divide the burden of congruity upon the shoulders of two different men."

Mackeller sat silent while this frivolous conversation went on, and this silence he maintained during the greater part of the voyage. Mackeller's mind was troubled.

Here he trod the deck of a confection in naval construction; a dainty flower of marine engineering, which slipped through the water as gracefully as if she were a living white swan. Her well-moulded, snowy sides were of the finest quality of pressed steel, almost paper-thin, and he was convinced that even a single shot from a small cannon would send her shivering to the bottom, shattering her metal covering as a pane of glass is shattered by a well-thrown stone. He knew that on the open sea The Woman in White could not be overtaken by any craft afloat, except one or other of the most recent torpedo-boat destroyers; but he knew the locality to which The Women in White was bound, and he pictured her from twelve to twenty-four miles away from the coast, where, if discovered, she would need to make her way down a narrow river, flanked on each side, after she left the shelter of the hills, by a flat country. In this position it would be impossible, owing to windings of the stream, to take advantage of her full speed, and being under the misapprehension that

What Andrew Carnegie says of Peirce School

Philadelphia

President Patton, of Princeton, at a Peirce School Commencement, said he sometimes thought the best graduate course for some men, after leaving Princeton, Harvard or Yale, would be a term or two at Peirce School. Later, Andrew Carnegie, commenting on this, said to the graduates of Peirce School:

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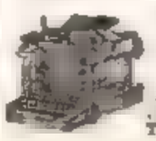

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a single well-aimed shot would disable, if not sink her, he pictured the beautiful yacht and her crew helplessly trapped somewhere between the hills and the lagoon, at the mercy of well-armed, desperate men, in a region where no law, save that of might, ran: men who would not feel the slightest scruple in removing from the earth all trace of the vessel and those aboard of her. If he had been told that the craft might have been riddled like a sieve, and still keep afloat, and that so long as a stray shot did not destroy her motive power, she could, within a few minutes, get out of range of any land force, so long as there was a sufficient depth of water in the river, he would not have believed it. He strongly suspected that the Rajah was well provided, not only with cannon and ammunition, but also with floating mines to seal up the river, rendering exit impossible. Into this fatal *impasse* Lord Stranleigh, with a levity that saddened Mackeller, was running his unprotected cruiser, armed only with luxury.

Once or twice during the early portion of the voyage, Mackeller had endeavored to imbue Lord Stranleigh with some of his own apprehension, but the young nobleman was usually in the company of the doctor, or with the telegrapher, or one or other of the officers, and he invariably turned aside Mackeller's attempts with a joke, refusing to discuss anything seriously. By the time they had arrived at that point where they should have passed the Rajah, according to Mackeller's calculation, they were sailing through an empty sea. Day after day Mackeller, from the bridge, swept the bald horizon with the most powerful of binoculars, but he saw nothing of the tramp steamer. The voyage had been monotonous with its good weather. Nothing had happened, either in the way of a breakdown of machinery or the encountering of even a moderate storm.

Lord Stranleigh recognized his anxious search with an amused smile, but said nothing. At last Mackeller gave up scrutiny of sea and sky. It was no longer possible that the Rajah could have covered the distance The Woman in White had already traversed. Still his earnest meditations had at last evolved a plan, and the adoption of that plan he must now urge upon his chief; so, seeing that Stranleigh, for once, was alone, he strode aft to the spot where the head of the expedition lolled in a reclining cane chair, with his slippered feet extended on the adjustable rest. Like the woman for whom his ship was named, he was clad entirely in white, for the weather was warm, although the yacht slipped so speedily through the oily water that a comforting breeze greeted every one on deck. The young man placed the book he had been reading face downward on the little table at his elbow, and looked up at the oncomer with an expression of amusement on his face.

"Well, Mackeller," he cried, "have you found her?"

"Found whom, sir?"

"Why, the Rajah, of course."

"How did you know I was looking for her?"

"You've been looking for something these few days past, so I took the liberty of surmising it was the Rajah."

"You are quite right."

"I always am, Mackeller. Haven't you discovered that yet? Do you suppose I wish the whereabouts of my yacht reported in the marine columns of the English newspapers day by day, thus running the risk that certain people will begin to wonder what I am doing so far south?"

"Of course not."

"Very well. Why have we met none of the South African liners, or overtaken any of the tramps threshing their way to Cape Town?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do, if you'll only think. The reason is this: that, having ample time at my command, the course of my yacht was deflected from south to southwest when we reached north latitude 40. We spun along merrily in that direction till daylight did appear, and then resumed our progress south. We passed outside of the islands, and out of the track of any steamer that might report us. Now, turn your brain-power upon that amiable gentleman who kicked you downstairs. He must at least strongly suspect that he's engaged on an illegal expedition. Would he deflect, do you think, and waste valuable time on the face of the ocean?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Of course you don't. He'd make for your what-do-you-call-it river on a bee-line. The course we have taken puts us two hundred miles, more or less, from his path, and, as they tell me you cannot see more than thirty miles on the water, you may now conjecture how fruitless has been your scanning of the ocean. I had no desire to see the Rajah; but, in any case, I did not wish the Rajah to see me. We will steam as we are going until we are directly opposite your gold mine, then round at right angles and straight eastward is our course."

"I suppose it would be useless for me to say, sir, that I believe you are running into a trap?"

"Oh, quite! Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. You refer, of course, to our being bottled up in that unpronounceable river, and ordinarily I should give some attention to the matter, but I cannot now, as I am in the middle of the most exciting chapter in this most exciting book. Once we are inside the trap, Mackeller, we'll study its construction, and find a way out. There seems to me little practical use in studying an imaginary trap which may not be there when we arrive."

Mackeller compressed his lips, and turned on his heel without a word.

"Oh, very well," laughed Stranleigh, "have it your own way!" And, with that parting remark, his lordship resumed his reading.

Mackeller grimly resolved to make no further attempt to instill common-sense into an empty head. He devoted what time remained to him in poring over certain scientific works he had discovered in the library.

One night he woke up suddenly. The boat was strangely still. Light as had been the unceasing purr of the turbines, its cessation had instantly aroused him. He made his way to the deck. The steamer swayed gently in the heave of the sea. From the east came the low murmur of breakers on the shore, sounding like a distant waterfall. The dim outline of dark hills against a less dark sky could be distinguished, and that was all. Mackeller paced the deck until daylight, when the steamer got under way again and cautiously approached the shore.

One of the ship's boats was swung into the water and, under Mackeller's guidance, sounded with a lead the depths of the channel, the yacht crawling after him, until at last it entered the river. By nine o'clock, it was moored alongside the goldfields. A few minutes later Lord Stranleigh appeared on deck, well-groomed, clear-eyed, and fresh as a youth whose night's rest has been undisturbed. He expressed no surprise on seeing the position of his steamer, but merely remarked to his captain:

"That was rather a good shot, old man, considering the size of the target and the distance. When did you sight the coast?"

"At four bells, sir."

"Did you need to cruise up and down to find the spot?"

"No, sir."

"Look at that now, and yet Mackeller thinks we're going to be trapped!"

After breakfast, Lord Stranleigh gave orders that the steamer should proceed upstream to the head of navigation, wherever that was; so they cast off, and began to explore. They discovered that the stream they were navigating was merely a branch, and not the main river, as Mackeller had supposed. About a mile above the mines the land began to rise, and both banks were clothed with splendid forests. Arriving at the head of the delta, they found that the river itself proceeded due north, while a branch similar to that which passed the goldfields struck off through the forest to the southwest. The southwest branch was the smallest of the three streams, so they did not trouble with it, but went down the main river until they reached a defile with hills to the west of them facing the continuous range to the east.

"This will be our camping spot, I imagine," said Stranleigh. "We will return to it; but first I wish to investigate the channel at the mouth of the river."

They discovered, to Mackeller's surprise, that the stream flowed so far to the north that, when at last it turned west, the steamer could reach the ocean without any possibility of being seen from the gold region. Stranleigh laughed when this fact was made plain, and smote Mackeller on the shoulders.

"Where's your trap now, my boy?" he cried. "You would have saved yourself

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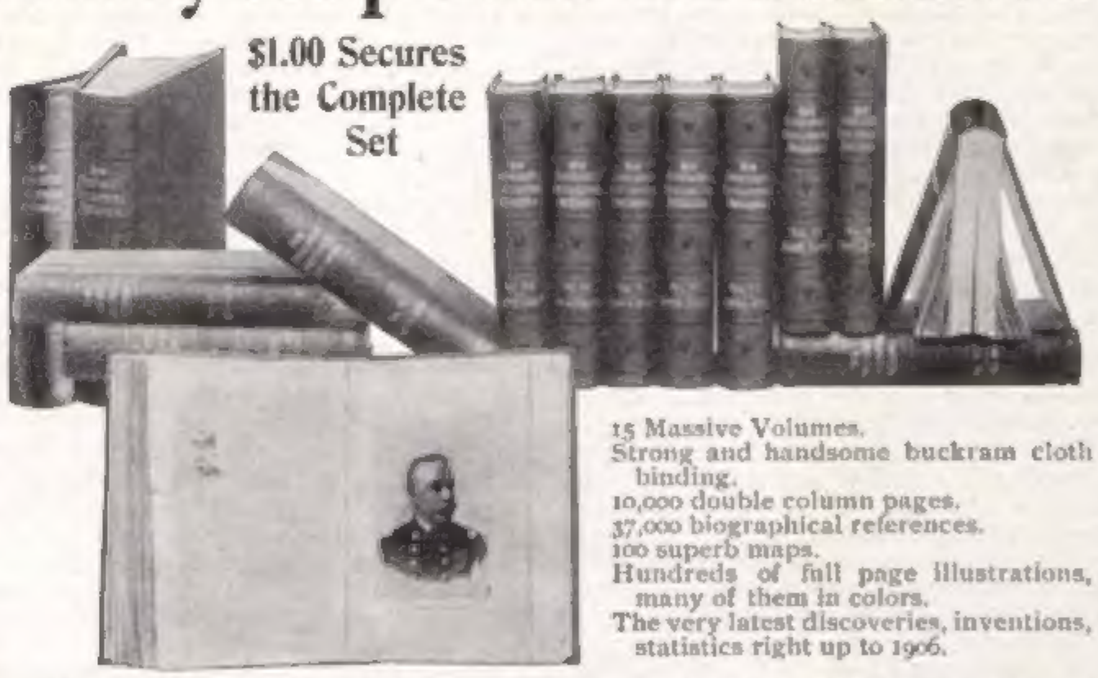

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some worry if you had known that the lay of the land was like this."

"Nevertheless," said Mackeller, "if they discover this channel, they may fill it with floating mines."

"So they may the mouth of the Thames; but they won't. An engineer should stick to probabilities, Peter. Now we will return, and seek our secluded glen, mooring against the eastern bank, so that if we are discovered our opponents, as the song says, will have one more river to cross."

They reached the ravine in the evening, and Lord Stranleigh complained of a hard day's work, virtuously accomplished, with the prospective dinner well earned, although his exertions had consisted mainly of sitting in an armchair at the prow, with his feet on the rail.

Next morning he crossed the river with Mackeller and a party of foresters, some of whom carried axes, one a huge telescope with its stand, and another a small tent. At the top the foresters cleared away the intervening underbrush, so that a view might be had of the distant goldfields. The telescope-stand was placed upon the rock, and the tent erected over it. Stranleigh, adjusting the focus, gazed at the goldfields, then rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Why," he said, "we can see their inmost thoughts with this."

When they descended, Stranleigh sent another party to the top, one laden with wireless telegraphy apparatus, which the operator was requested to get into working order.

"If successful, it will save us a telephone wire," said his lordship.

The rest were laden with provisions.

"Mackeller," he said, "I appoint you to the lookout, and your companion will be our second telegraph operator. One never knows what may happen in this locality, so if the steamer is compelled to cut and run, you people up on top, with everything so well concealed, can lie low, yet keep in touch with us so long as we are within the four-mile radius, or whatever is the limit of the wireless. I noticed a little spring about half-way up in the forest, and that will supply you with drink nearer than the river, and I counsel you it is better for you than champagne, although I have sent up a case of that. And now, to show you how economical I am, and thus make an appeal to your Scottish heart, I am going to send my woodmen into the forest alongside, and while here we will burn nothing but hard wood, and save coal. Indeed, I have consulted with my chief engineer, and with his consent I am going to fill our bunkers with the most combustible timber I can find. I take no further interest in your mountain-top until the Rajah is sighted, but while the woodmen, with their axes and saws, are filling the bunkers, I shall attend to the larder with fishing-tackle and with gun, and here's where my gamekeepers will earn their wages."

Game proved to be plentiful. "Oh," cried Stranleigh, one night, after an exceptionally good fish and game dinner, "Piccadilly is a fool of a place to this! If the postal arrangements were only a little better, we would be all right. I must send a letter to the Times about the negligence of our Government, and score the Postmaster-General, as all right-minded correspondents do."

The Rajah was three days late, according to Mackeller's calculations, but one forenoon he recognized her slowly stemming the current of the Paramakaboo River, and at once the information was telegraphed to Stranleigh, who did not receive the message, as he was out shooting. The young man had taken his lunch with him, so the operator on the steamer informed those up aloft, and no one knew when he would be back.

Mackeller, his eye glued to the telescope, watched the landing of the army that the Rajah carried, and saw the two steam cranes, one fore and one aft, begin at once to swing ashore the cargo from the hold. He momentarily expected the arrival of his chief, but the dinner-hour came, bringing no visitor to the hilltop. Mackeller and the operator descended, and there, to his amazement, on the after deck he saw Stranleigh seated, calmly reading a novel, and waiting the sound of the gong.

"Didn't you get our message?" demanded Mackeller.

"Oh, yes, a couple of hours ago. The Rajah has come in, you say? That's very interesting. You'll be glad to know, Mackeller, that I have had a most successful day's shooting."

"Yes, that, as you remark, is very interesting," replied Mackeller dryly. "I thought, if you got my message in time, you would have come up to the outlook."

"I am sorry to have disappointed you, Peter, but when I place an excellent man on the spot I never interfere with him. I should be quite superfluous on the hilltop, and it's so much more comfortable down here."

"You might have been surprised to know how many men they landed from the Rajah—enough, I estimate, to clean us up in short order if they find us."

"Well, let us hope they won't find us, Peter."

"They've got a number of tents erected already, and they began blasting operations at one o'clock."

"They are not losing any time, are they?"

"No, they are not. I see they have arranged electric searchlights on the two masts, apparently to cover the field of operations, so I suppose they will be working day and night shifts."

"I do love an energetic body of men," said his lordship, with admiration. "If there was a funicular to the top of your hill, I'd take up an armchair, merely for the pleasure of sitting and watching them. Ah, there's the dinner-gong, thank goodness! Peter, I shot some birds to-day that I think you'll enjoy."

"Thank you, but all I wish is a sandwich. I'm going back to the lookout. We haven't broken into the boxes of provisions yet. I must learn if these people are actually going to work all night."

"Take my advice, Peter, and don't. Enjoy a good rest in your comfortable bed. Those who sleep well, live long."

"I am going back," said Peter.

"Ah, I see what you're trying to do. You'll force me to give you both a day and a night salary, or perhaps you're yearning to imitate the energy of those johnnies on the gold rock. Now, do be persuaded, for my sake, to consume a good dinner when it is all ready for you. Place the sandwiches in your pocket, if you like, to munch during the watches of the night, if you will persist in climbing that distressingly steep hill."

Mackeller was forced to comply. He remained silent through all the badinage, but nevertheless enjoyed his meal, although the moment coffee was served and the card-table set out he rowed himself across the river, tied up his boat securely, and ascended through the darkness of the forest to see the electric lights blazing over the gold mine when he reached the top.

In spite of his apparent indifference, Lord Stranleigh appeared on the summit shortly after breakfast. He found Mackeller stretched on the rock, sound asleep, and did not disturb him, but turned his attention instead to the telescope, through which he saw enough of industry going on to satisfy the most indolent. He turned the telescope this way and that, and at last fixed it at a point covering the river lower down than the mine. There he gazed quietly for a long time, until interrupted by Mackeller sitting up and giving utterance to an exclamation when he saw his chief seated on the stump that did duty for a chair.

"Good-morning, Peter," said his lordship. "Watchman, what of the night?"

"They worked all night, sir, both at the blasting of the ore and the unloading of the ship."

"Then that means we shall soon need to be getting under way again. If they load the Rajah as quickly as they have unloaded her, she will be out in the ocean before we know where we are."

"That's why I came up last night, sir. I thought you didn't quite appreciate how speedily our visit here is drawing to a close."

"And yet," drawled Stranleigh, "what they are doing now seems to point to a lengthened stay on the part of the Rajah."

"What are they doing now?" demanded Mackeller.

"About half a mile below the goldfields they are planting floating mines in the river. They have just finished one row that goes clear across the stream, and are engaged upon the second series a quarter of a mile, as I estimate the distance, nearer the ocean. They have two ordinary ship's boats at work, and one steam launch. The river is sealed up, and there is a practical declaration of war, my boy, with Mackeller sound asleep."

Editor's Note—The next installment of Young Lord Stranleigh will appear in a fortnight.

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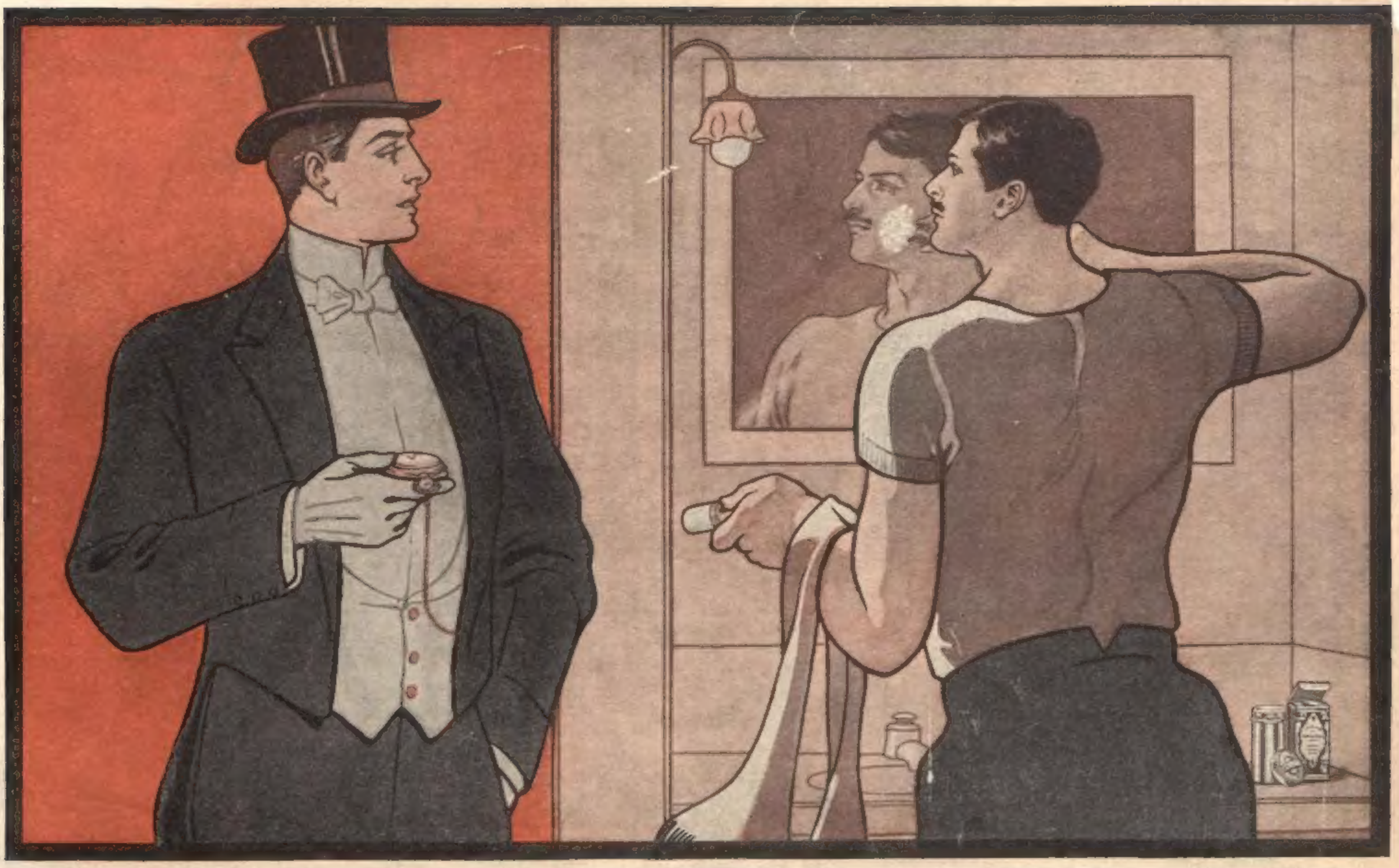

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